

ENGLISH

BOOK-3



PUNJAB TEXTBOOK BOARD, LAHORE

INTERMEDIATE ENGLISH

BOOK – III

(PLAYS AND POEMS)



PUNJAB TEXTBOOK BOARD, LAHORE

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Prescribed as a textbook of English for Intermediate Examination by
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National Committee for the Review of School College Textbooks.
Code No: G - 20

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Printed at:

Published by: Ahmed Book Depot Islamabad

Printed at: Hafeez Press Lahore

PREFACE

While preparing this anthology of plays and poems for Intermediate students, I have kept the social and cultural requirements of their age-group in view. The students, during these years, need to know such things as may enrich their growing experience. The poems were selected with an eye on the poetic texts of Arabic, Persian and Urdu which they also study in their intermediate classes. It was however difficult to select the plays without keeping in mind the popular dramas which are staged in local theatres. The conventional themes were ignored.

It is believed that the quality of feelings to be aroused by this selection will bear a close resemblance to those experienced by the students and will add to the moral and emotional behaviour of the intermediate age group.

As the period between childhood and adolescence is one of morning sunshine, the students have been introduced to what is pleasant and lively in human life.

However, the language and cultural barrier often pose difficulties in the enjoyment of English texts. An attempt has therefore been made to remove these difficulties through detailed notes and comments. The authors have been briefly introduced to arouse the interest of the students who might wish to know more about them.

It is hoped that this anthology while, it fulfils the curricular and academic needs of students will also offer them something really enjoyable to read.

GILANI KAMRAN

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PART I
(PLAYS)

I

THE RISING OF THE MOON

by

LADY GREGORY

CHARACTERS

Sergeant

Policeman X

Policeman B

A Ragged Man

THE RISING OF THE MOON

SCENE

Side of a quay in a seaport town. Some posts and chains. A large barrel. Enter three policemen. moonlight.

Sergeant, who is older than the others, crosses the stage to R. and looks down steps. The others put down a pastepot and unroll a bundle of placards.

Policeman B. I think this would be a good place to put up a notice. (*He points to barrel.*)

Policeman X. Better ask him. (*calls to Sergeant.*)
Will this be a good place for a placard ? (*No answer.*)

Policeman B. Will we put up a notice here on the barrel ? (*No answer.*)

Sergeant. There's a flight of steps here that leads to the water. This is a place that should be minded well. If he got down here, his friends might have a boat to meet him : they might send it in here from outside.

Policeman B. Would the barrel be a good place to put a notice up ?

- Sergeant.** It might ; you can put it there.
(They paste the notice up)
- Sergeant.** *(reading it).* Dark hair—dark eyes, smooth face, height five feet five—there's not much to take hold of in that—it's a pity I had no chance of seeing him before he broke out of gaol. They say he's a wonder, that it's he makes all the plans for the whole organization. There isn't another man in Ireland would have broken gaol the way he did. He must have some friends among the gaolers.
- Policeman B.** A hundred pounds is little enough for the Government to offer for him. You may be sure any man in the force that takes him will get promotion.
- Sergeant.** I'll mind this place myself. I wouldn't wonder at all if he came this way. He might come slipping along there *(points to side of quay)*, and his friends might be waiting for him there *(points down-steps)*, and once he got away it's little chance we'd have of finding him ; it's may be under a load of kelp he'd be in a fishing boat, and not one to help a married man that wants it to be rewarded.
- Policeman X.** And if we get him itself, nothing but abuse on our heads for it from the people, and maybe from our own relations.
- Sergeant.** Well, we have to do our duty in the force. Haven't we the whole country

depending on us to keep law and order? It's those that are down would be up and those that are up would be down, if it wasn't for us. Well, hurry on, you have plenty of other places to placard yet, and come back here then to me. You can take the lantern. Don't be too long now. It's very lonesome here with nothing but the moon.

Policeman B. It's a pity we can't stop with you. The Government should have brought more police into the town, with him in gaol, and at assize time too. Well, good luck to your watch.
(*They go out.*)

Sergeant (*walks up and down once or twice and looks at placard*). A hundred pounds and promotion sure. There must be a great deal of spending in a hundred pounds. It's a pity some honest man not to be the better of that.
(*A Ragged man appears at left and tries to slip past. Sergeant suddenly turns*)

Sergeant Where are you going?
Man. I'm a poor ballad-singer, your honour. I thought to sell some of these (*holds out bundle of ballads*) to the sailors.
(*He goes on.*)

Sergeant. Stop? Didn't I tell you to stop? You can't go on there.

Man. Oh, very well. It's a hard thing to be poor. All the world's against the poor!

Sergeant. Who are you?

THE RISING OF THE MOON

- Man.** You'd be as wise as myself if I told you, but I don't mind. I am one Jimmy Walsh, a ballad-singer.
- Sergeant.** Jimmy Walsh? I don't know that name.
- Man.** Ah, sure, they know it well enough in Ennis. Were you ever in Ennis, Sergeant?
- Sergeant.** What brought you here?
- Man.** Sure, it's to the assizes I came, thinking I might make a few shillings here or there. It's in the one train with the judges I came.
- Sergeant.** Well, if you came so far, you may as well go farther, for you'll walk out of this.
- Man.** I will, I will: I'll just go on where I was going. (*Goes towards steps.*)
- Sergeant.** Come back from those steps: no one has leave to pass down them to-night.
- Man.** I'll just sit on the top of the steps till I will see some sailor buy a ballad off me that would give me my supper. They'd be late going back to the ship. It's often I saw them in Cork carried down the quay in a hand-cart.
- Sergeant.** Move on, I tell you. I won't have any one lingering about the quay tonight.
- Man.** Well, I'll go. It's the poor have the hard life! May be yourself might like one, Sergeant. Here's a good sheet now. (*Turns one over.*) Content and a Pipe...that's not much. The Peeler and the Goat...you wouldn't like that. Johnny Hart...that's a lovely song.

Sergeant.

Move on.

Man.

Ah, wait till you hear it. (*Sings*):

“There was a rich farmer’s daughter
lived near the town of Ross;
She courted a Highland soldier, his
name was Johnny Hart;
Says the mother to her daughter, I’ll
go distracted mad
If you marry that Highland soldier
dressed up in Highland plaid.”

Sergeant.

Stop that noise.

(*Man wraps up his ballads and shuffles towards the steps.*)

Sergeant.

Where are you going?

Man.

Sure, you told me to be going, and I
am going.

Sergeant.

Don’t be a fool. I didn’t tell you to
go that way; I told you to go back to
the town.

Man.

Back to the town, is it?

Sergeant.

(*taking him by the shoulder and shoving him before him*). Here, I’ll show you
the way. Be off with you. What are
you stopping for?

Man.

(*who has been keeping his eye on the notice, points to it*). I think I know
what you’re waiting for, Sergeant.

Sergeant.

What’s that to you?

Man.

And I know well the man you’re
waiting for.....I know him well.....
I’ll be going. (*He shuffles on.*)

Sergeant.

You know him? Come back here.
What sort is he?

- Man.** Come back is' it, Sergeant ? Do you want to have me killed ?
- Sergeant.** Why do you say that ?
- Man.** Never mind. I'm going. I wouldn't be in your shoes if the reward was ten times as much. (*Goes on off stage to L.*) Not if it was ten times as much.
- Sergeant.** (*rushing after him*). Come back here, come back. (*Drags him back.*) What sort is he ? Where did you see him ?
- Man.** I saw him in my own place, in the County Clare. I tell you you wouldn't like to be looking at him. You'd be afraid to be in the one place with him. There isn't a muscles are as hard as that board. (*slaps barrel*). Is he as bad as that ?
- Sergeant.** He is then.
- Man.** Do you tell me so ?
- Sergeant.** There was a poor man in our place, a sergeant from Ballyvaughan.....It was with a lump of stone he did it.
- Man.** I never heard of that.
- Sergeant.** And you wouldn't, Sergeant. It's not everything that happens gets into the papers. And there was a policeman in plain clothes, too.....It is in Limerick he was. It was after the time of the attack on the police barrack at Kilmallock.....Moonlight.....just like this...waterside.....Nothing was known for certain.
- Man.** Do you say so ? It's a terrible country to belong to.

- Man.** That's so, indeed ! You might be standing there, looking out that way, thinking you saw him coming up this side of the quay (*points*), and he might be coming up this other side (*points*), and he'd be on you before you knew where you were.
- Sergeant.** It's a whole troop of police they ought to put here to stop a man like that.
- Man.** But if you'd like me to stop with you, I could be looking down this side. I could be sitting up here on this barrel.
- Sergeant.** And you know him well, too ?
- Man.** I'd know him a mile off, Sergeant.
- Sergeant.** But you wouldn't want to share the reward ?
- Man.** Is it a poor man like me, that has to be going the roads and singing in fairs, to have the name on him that he took a reward ? But you don't want me. I'll be safer in the town.
- Sergeant.** Well, you can stop.
- Man.** (*getting up on barrel*). All right, Sergeant. I wonder, now you're not tired out, Sergeant, walking up and down the way you are.
- Sergeant.** If I'm tired I'm used to it.
- Man.** You might have hard work before you to-night yet. Take it easy while you can. There's plenty of room up here on the barrel, and you see farther when you're higher up.

Sergeant. May be so. (*Gets up beside him on barrel, facing right. They sit back to back, looking different ways.*) You made me feel a bit queer with the way you talked.

Man. Give me a match, Sergeant (*he gives it and Man lights pipe*); take a draw yourself? It'll quiet you. Wait now till I give you a light, but you needn't turn round. Don't take your eye off the quay for the life of you.

Sergeant. Never fear, I won't. (*Lights pipe. They both smoke.*) Indeed it's a hard thing to be in the force, out at night and no thanks for it, for all the danger we're in. And it's little we get but abuse from the people, and no choice but to obey our orders, and never asked when a man is sent into danger, if you are a married man with a family.

Man. (*sings*):
 "As through the hills I walked to view
 the hills and shamrock plain,
 I stood awhile where nature smiles to
 view the rocks and streams.
 On a matron fair I fixed my eyes
 beneath a fertile vale.
 As she sang her song it was on the
 wrong of poor old Granuaile."

Sergeant. Stop that; that's no song to be singing in these times.

Man. Ah! Sergeant, I was only singing to keep my heart up. It sinks when I

THE RISING OF THE MOON

think of him. To think of us two sitting here, and he creeping up the quay, maybe, to get to us.

Sergeant.

Are you keeping a good look-out ?

Man.

I am ; and for no reward too. Am n't I the foolish man ? But when I saw a man in trouble, I never could help trying to get him out of it. What's that ? Did something hit me ?

(Rubs his heart.)

Sergeant.

(patting him on the shoulder). You will get your reward in heaven.

Man.

I know that, I know that, Sergeant, but life is precious.

Sergeant.

Well, you can sing if it gives you more courage.

Man.

(sings) :

"Her head was bare, her hands and feet with iron bands were bound,
Her pensive strain and plaintive wail mingles with the evening gale,
And the song she sang with mournful air, I am old Granuaile.

Her lips so sweet that monarchs kissed.....

Sergeant.

That's not it. "Her gown she wore was stained with gore."...That's it...you missed that.

Man.

You're right, Sergeant, so it is. I missed it. *(Repeats line.)* But to think of a man like you knowing a song like that.

Sergeant.

There's many a thing a man might know and might not have any wish for.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

Man. Now, I dare say, Sergeant, in your youth, you used to be sitting up on a wall, the way you are sitting up on this barrel now, and the other lads beside you, and you singing Granuaile? I did then.

Sergeant.

Man. And the *Shan Bhean Bhocht*?

Sergeant. I did then.

Man. And the *Green on the Cape*?

Sergeant. That was one of them.

Man. And maybe the man you are watching for to-night used to be sitting on the wall, when he was young, and singing those same songs...It's a queer world...

Sergeant. Whisht!.....I think I see something coming.....It's only a dog.

Man. And isn't it a queer world?.....Maybe it's one of the boys you used to be singing with that time you will be arresting to-day or to-morrow, and sending into the dock.

Sergeant. That's true indeed.

Man. And may be one night, after you had been singing, if the other boys had told you some plan they had, some plan to free the country, you might have joined with them.....and maybe it is you might be in trouble now.

Sergeant. Well, who knows but I might? I had a great spirit in those days.

Man. It's a queer world, Sergeant, and it's little any mother knows when she sees her 'child creeping on the floor what

might happen to it before it has gone through its life, or who will be who in the end.

Sergeant.

That's a queer thought now, and a true thought. Wait now till I think it out...If it wasn't for the sense I have, and for my wife and family, and for me joining the force the time I did, it might be myself now would be after breaking gaol and hiding in the dark, and it might be him that's hiding in the dark and that got out of gaol would be sitting up where I am on this barrel And it might be myself would be creeping up trying to make my escape from himself, and it might be himself would be keeping the law, and myself would be breaking it, and myself would be trying maybe to put a bullet in his head, or to take up a lump of a stone the way you said he did.....no, that myself did.....Oh !

(Gasps. After a pause.) What's that ?
(Grasps Man's arm.)

Man.

(jumps off barrel and listens, looking out over water). It's nothing, Sergeant.

Sergeant.

I thought it might be a boat. I had a notion there might be friends of his coming about the quays with a boat.

Man.

Sergeant, I am thinking it was with the people you were, and not with the law you were, when you were a young man.

Sergeant.

Well, if I was foolish then, that time's gone.

Man. May be, Sergeant, it comes into your head sometimes, in spite of your belt and your tunic, that it might have been as well for you to have followed Granuaile.

Sergeant. It's no business of yours what I think.

Man. Maybe, Sergeant, you'll be on the side of the country yet.

Sergeant. (*gets off barrel.*) Don't talk to me like that. I have my duties and I know them. (*Looks round.*) That was a boat ; I hear the oars.

(*Goes to the steps and looks down.*)

Man. (*sings*) :

"O, then, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
Where the gathering is to be.
In the old spot by the river.

Right well known to you and me !"

Sergeant. Stop that ! Stop that, I tell you !

Man. (*sings louder*) :

"One word more, for signal token,
Whistle up the marching tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder,
At the Rising of the Moon."

Sergeant. If you don't stop that, I'll arrest you.
(*A whistle from below answers, repeating the air.*)

Sergeant. That's a signal. (*Stands between him and steps.*) You must not pass this way.....Step farther back.....Who are you ? You are no ballad-singer.

Man. You needn't ask who I am, that placard will tell you. (*Points to placard.*)

Sergeant.
Man.

You are the man I am looking for.
(*takes off hat and wig. Sergeant seizes them*). I am. There's a hundred pounds on my head. There is a friend of mine below in a boat. He knows a safe place to bring me to.

Sergeant.

(*looking still at hat and wig.*) It's a pity ! It's a pity. You deceived me. You deceived me well.

Man.

I am a friend of Granuaile. There is a hundred pounds on my head.

Sergeant.

It's a pity, it's a pity !

Man.

Will you let me pass, or must I make you let me ?

Sergeant.

I am in the force. I will not let you pass.

Man.

I thought to do it with my tongue.
(*Puts hand in breast.*) What is that ?

Voice of
Policeman X
outside.

Here, this is where we left him.

Sergeant.

It's my comrades coming.

Man.

You won't betray me.....the friend of Granuaile. (*Slips behind barrel.*)

Voice of
Policeman B.
Policeman X.

That was the last of the placards.
(*as they come in*). If he makes his escape, it won't be unknown he'll make it.

(*Sergeant puts hat and wig behind his back*).

Policeman B.

Did anyone come this way ?

Sergeant.

(*after a pause*). No one.

Policeman B.

No one at all ?

Sergeant.

No one at all.

Policeman B. We had no orders to go back to the station ; we can stop along with you.

Sergeant. I don't want you. There is nothing for you to do here.

Policeman B. You bade us to come back here and keep watch with you.

Sergeant. I'd sooner be alone. Would any man come this way and you making all that talk ? It is better the place to be quiet.

Policeman B. Well, we'll leave you the lantern anyhow.

(Hands it to him.)

Sergeant. I don't want it. Bring it with you.

Policeman B. You might want it. There are clouds coming up and you have the darkness of the night before you yet. I'll leave it over here on the barrel.

(Goes to barrel.)

Sergeant. Bring it with you. I tell you. No more talk.

Policeman B. Well, I thought it might be a comfort to you. I often think when I have it in my hand and can be flashing it about into every dark corner *(doing so)* that it's the same as being beside the fire at home, and the bits of logwood blazing up now and again.

(Flashes it about, now on the barrel, now on Sergeant.)

Sergeant. *(furious.)* Be off, the two of you, yourselves and your lantern !

(They go out. Man comes from behind barrel. He and Sergeant stand looking at one another.)

Sergeant. What are you waiting for ?

THE RISING OF THE MOON

Man.

For my hat, of course, and my wig.
You wouldn't wish me to get my death
of cold ? (*Sergeant gives them.*)

Man.

(*going towards steps.*) Well, good
night, comrade, and thank you. You
did me a good turn to-night, and I'm
obliged to you. Maybe I'll be able to
do as much for you when the small
rise up and the big fall down.....when
we all change places at the Rising
(*waves his hand and disappears*) of the
Moon.

Sergeant.

(*turning his back to audience and read-
ing placard.*) A hundred pounds
reward ! A hundred pounds ! (*Turns
towards audience.*) I wonder, now,
am I as great a fool as I think I am ?

CURTAIN

NOTES AND COMMENTS

About the Author

Lady Gregory (1852—1932) was a woman of middle age when the Irish Dramatic Movement started. She had wide experience of men and affairs. The widow of a colonial Governor, she was chiefly occupied in looking after the property of her son, and the tenants of her Galway estate in the great old feudal style. In four years she had begun to write plays, in a few more she was the most popular comedy writer of the movement. In 1909, she conducted a skilful and successful fight against the resistance towards the movement. From 1916 onwards she was the grand old lady of the movement. In 1928, she published her last volume of plays (*Three Last Plays*) and withdrew from active work in the movement she had vitalized for 30 years. In 1932 she died at Coole, in Galway. Truly she could have said with justification, "My life itself has been a wonderful fairy-tale."

Lady Gregory has the fundamental quality of sympathy with all of her characters. She writes out of a spirit of pure comedy and laughs without bitterness and with no thought but to laugh. She has perfect sympathy with her characters, even with the worst of them, and when the curtain goes down we are so far from the mood of judgement that we do not even know that we have forgiven many sins.

The Story of the Play

The play has a national and patriotic theme and shows the conflict within a police Sergeant between his sympathies and his duties. This was the problem of many men during the struggle for independence in Ireland in the early years of this century. There is very little outside action in the play and all the interest lies in the behaviour of the two characters. The man who is wanted by the police is loved by the people as he wants them to be happy and prosperous. This is no crime, but as the situation was in the early years of this century such men were disliked by those in authority. The man, disguised as a ballad-singer, meets the Sergeant, and the conversation

between them gives the Man enough time to catch the boat which has been rowed up to the place for his relief. When the Sergeant comes to know that the ballad-singer is the real man wanted by the police he faces a conflict between his sympathies for the Man (and of course for the people) and his duties as a policeman. Besides, he remembers the prize-money for the arrest of the Man. There is temptation for the Sergeant. But he chooses for the people and allows the man to disappear in the night.

The interesting thing about this play is that the passion revealed is stirred by causes and ideals. The play is not a vehicle of narrow political fervour, but of the underlying ideas of patriotism and sacrifice which are universal and common to nationalism everywhere. It is a mixture of humour, mirth and pathos.

P. 3. *quay*—(pronounced, ke) solid stationary, artificial landing-place for loading and unloading of ships.

barrel—flat-ended cylindrical wooden vessel, cask.

Moonlight—Does it give any extra colour to the play? Is it possible to avoid it in stage-performance? Does it give a romantic setting to the play?

unroll—open, display, be opened, be displayed.

placard—document printed on one side of a single sheet for pasting up, poster To set up placards on a (Wall, etc.), advertise, display.

minded well—guarded well.

P. 4. *dark hair*—*dark eyes*, *smooth face etc.*—description of the man wanted by the police.

gaol—jail, public prison for detention of persons committed by process of law; *gaoler*—jailer.

They say he's a wonder—the man they are after is loved by the people; a typical leader of the struggle; intelligent and clever.

A hundred pounds—prize-money offered for arrest.
force—police.

that takes him will get promotion—who arrests him will get promotion—there is temptation for the policeman.
The prize-money and promotion are enough to create

THE RISING OF THE MOON

difficulty for policemen. Their loyalties are at stake.

I'll mind this place myself—I will guard/look after this place myself. The Sergeant is tempted by the reward kelp—large kinds of sea-weed.

and not one to help a married man that wants it to be rewarded—The Sergeant is badly tempted by the reward of one hundred pounds. He is afraid that the people would help the wanted man, and he would lose a handsome amount of money.

nothing but abuse on our heads for it from the people, and maybe, from our own relations—He is aware of the conflict between the people and the police. The man wanted by the police is loved by the people. Mark his difficulty. Can he come out of it? What is your opinion?

we have to do our duty in the force—mark emphasis on duty.

P. 5. *Haven't we the whole country depending on us to keep law and order?*—the Sergeant is only convincing himself; his faith has already been shaken.

It is those that are down would be up and those that are up would be down, if it wasn't for us—mark note of indifference; if he does not get any benefit, all this change is of no use to him.

to placard — to put up the poster.

lone—solitary, companionless, unfrequented, lonely
lonesome—feeling or making feel lonely.

nothing but the moon—mark suggested state of loneliness.

assize time—trial, periodical session for administration of civil and criminal law.

a hundred pounds and promotion sure—note implied temptation for the Sergeant.

ragged—rough, shaggy; mark the Man in disguise.

poor ballad singer—note assumed character; a ballad is a short poem telling a popular tale.

I's a hard thing to be poor—ironical sentence. Does it refer to the character of the speaker?

THE RISING OF THE MOON

- P. 6. *in the one train*—in the same train.

Cork—: mark his talk. Is it without purpose ?
lingering—staying.

Content and a Pipe, The Peeler and the Goat, Johnny Hart—popular ballads, sung on market days.

- P. 7. *distract*—divert, draw away, draw in different direction.

Highland—northern part of Scotland, associated with many romantic tales.

plaid—long piece of woollen cloth.

wraps up—enfolds.

shuffles—walks dragging the feet on the ground.

shoving—moving along by hard or rough pushing.

- P. 8. *I wouldn't be in your shoes, etc.*—mark its suggested meaning.

drags—pulls with force.

slaps—strikes with palm of hand.

It was with a lump of stone, etc.—the speaker tries to frighten the Sergeant.

County Clare, Limerick, Kilmallock—reference to various places in Ireland.

- P. 9. *It is a whole troop, etc.*—mark the Sergeant's reaction.

But you wouldn't want to share the reward—How do you react to this sentence ?

- P. 10. *queer*—strange, odd, eccentric ; of questionable character ; out of sorts.

Indeed it's hard thing to be in the force, etc.—Is he ironical ? Is he frightened ? What is your opinion ?

Man (sings)—the song adds to the atmosphere.

As through the hills I walked, etc.—Lines from a popular ballad.

shamrock—kinds of clover serving as national emblem of Ireland.

vale—valley.

- P. 11. *Creeping*—moving with body close to ground, moving timidly, slowly or stealthily.

Her head was bare—Her gown she wore was stained with gore—the sentiments are addressed to Ireland.

It is Ireland which is bleeding.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

pensive—sad, plunged in thought.

strain—song.

plaintive.—mournful, expressive of sorrow.

wail—lament, cry.

mingles with—mixes with, blends with.

evening gale—evening breeze.

old Granuaile—Old unhappy woman of the ballads, suggests Ireland.

stained—coloured.

gore—thickened blood.

P. 12. *Shan Bhean Bhocht, Green on the Cape*—popular ballads.
dock—enclosure in criminal court for prisoner.

P. 13. *Gasps*—takes short, quick breath

Grasps—tries to seize, clutches at.

notion—idea, view, opinion.

I am thinking it was with the people you were, and not with the law you were, when you were a young man—tries to bring about conflict in the Sergeant. It is a play about choice? What is your opinion?

P. 14. *tunic*—uniform, close-fitting short coat of the uniform of a soldier, policeman, etc.

don't talk to me like that—mark emerging conflict in the Sergeant.

O, then, tell me,—a popular ballad.

Shawn O' Farrell—character in a ballad.

token—sign, symbol, evidence.

signal—conspicuous, noteworthy (adjective) [Signum : sign].

pike—long wooden shaft with steel or iron head, infantry weapon.

P. 15. *wig*—artificial head of hair to conceal baldness or disguise appearance.

friend of Granuaile—friend of Ireland.

It's a pity, it's a pity—mark his helplessness.

P. 16. *bade us*—commanded us.

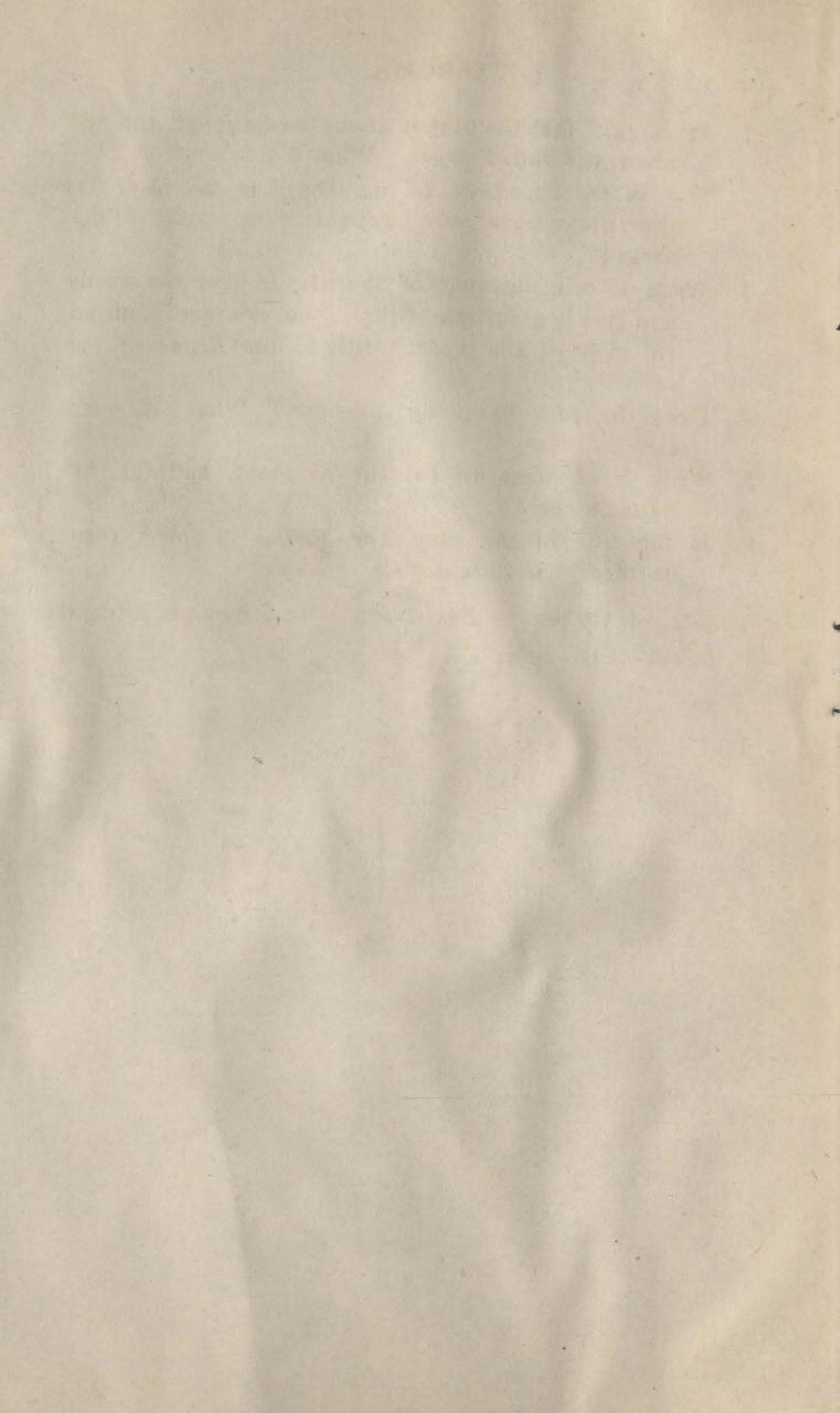
blazing up—burning with flames.

P. 17. *when the small rise up and the big fall down*—Discuss it as the theme of the play.

EXERCISE

1. It is said that the play is about the Sergeant, and not about the Ballad-singer. What is your opinion ?
2. What is the importance of the Songs in the play? Does the play have any appeal even without the songs ?
3. Write a brief account of the play in your own words and give it a suitable title. You are not required to give it the present title: *The Rising of the Moon*.
4. Does the play have any purpose ? What is your view ?
5. Write brief notes on (a) the Sergeant, and (b) the Ballad-singer.
6. Is the title of the play *The Rising of the Moon* justified ? Give reasons.
7. How will you justify the behaviour of the Sergeant in letting the Ballad - Singer escape ?





THE DEAR DEPARTED

SCENE

(The scene is the sitting-room of a small house in a lower middle-class district of a provincial town. On the spectator's left is the window, with the blinds down. A sofa is in front of it. On his right is a fireplace with an armchair by it. In the middle of the wall facing the spectator is the door into the passage. To the left of the door a cheap, shabby chest of drawers, to the right a sideboard. In the middle of the room is the table, with chairs round it. Ornaments and a cheap American clock are on the mantelpiece, in the hearth a kettle. By the sideboard a pair of gaudy new carpet slippers. The table is partly laid for tea, and the necessaries for the meal are on the sideboard, as also are copies of an evening paper and of "Tit-Bits" and "Pearson's Weekly." Turning to the left through the door takes you to the front door ; to the right, upstairs in the passage a hat-stand is visible.)

When the curtain rises Mrs. Slater is seen laying the table. She is a vigorous, plump, red-faced vulgar woman, prepared to do any amount of straight talking

to get her own way. She is in ~~black~~; but not in complete mourning. She listens a ~~moment~~ and then goes to the window, opens it and calls into the street.

Mrs. Slater. (sharply) Victoria, Victoria! D'ye hear, come in, will you?

(Mrs. Slater closes window and puts the blind straight and then returns to her work at the table. Victoria, a precocious girl of ten, dressed in colours, enters.)

Mrs. Slater. I'm amazed at you, Victoria, I really am. How you can be gallivanting about in the street with your grandfather lying dead and cold upstairs I don't know. Be off now, and change your dress before your Aunt Elizabeth and your Uncle Ben come. It would never do for them to find you in colours.

Victoria. What are they coming for? They haven't been here for ages.

Mrs. Slater. They're coming to talk over poor Grandpa's affairs. Your father sent them a telegram as soon as we found he was dead. (A noise is heard.) Good gracious, that's never them. (Mrs. Slater hurries to the door and opens it.) No, thank goodness! it's only your father.

(Henry Slater, a stooping, heavy man with a drooping moustache, enters. He is wearing a black tail coat, grey trousers, a black tie, and a hat. He carries a little paper parcel.)

Henry. Not come yet, eh?

Mrs. Slater. You can see they haven't, can't you? Now, Victoria, be off upstairs and that quick. Put your white frock on with a black sash. (Victoria goes out.)

Mrs. Slater. (to Henry). I'm not satisfied, but it's the best we can do till our new black's ready, and Ben and Elizabeth will never have thought about mourning yet, so we'll outshine them there. (Henry sits in the armchair by the fire.) Get your boots off, Henry; Elizabeth's that prying she notices the least speck of dirt.

Henry. I'm wondering if they'll come at all. When you and Elizabeth quarrelled she said she'd never set foot in your house again.

Mrs. Slater. She'll come fast enough after her share of what Grandfather's left. You know how hard she can be when she likes. Where she gets it from I can't tell.

(Mrs. Slater unwraps the parcel Henry has brought. It contains sliced tongue, which she puts on a dish on the table.)

Henry. I suppose it's in the family.

Mrs. Slater. What do you mean by that, Henry Slater?

Henry. I was referring to your father, not to you. Where are my slippers?

Mrs. Slater. In the kitchen; but you want a new pair, those old ones are nearly worn out. (Nearly breaking down.) You don't seem to realize what it's costing me to bear up like I am doing. My heart's fit to break when I see the little trifles that belonged to Grandfather lying around, and think he'll never use them again. (Briskly) Here!

You'd better wear these slippers of Grandfather's now. It's lucky he'd just got a new pair.

Henry. They'll be very small for me, my dear.

Mrs. Slater. They'll stretch, won't they? I'm not going to have them wasted. (*She has finished laying the table.*) Henry, I've been thinking about that bureau of Grandfather's that's in his bedroom. You know I always wanted to have it after he died.

Henry. You must arrange with Elizabeth when you're dividing things up.

Mrs. Slater. Elizabeth's that sharp she'll see I'm after it, and she'll drive a hard bargain over it. Eh, what it is to have a low money-grubbing spirit!

Henry. Perhaps she's got her eye on the bureau as well.

Mrs. Slater. She's never been here since Grandfather bought it. If it was only down here instead of in his room, she'd never guess it wasn't our own.

Henry. (*startled*). Amelia! (*He rises.*)

Mrs. Slater. Henry, why shouldn't we bring that bureau down here now? We could do it before they come.

Henry. (*stupefied*). I wouldn't care to.

Mrs. Slater. Don't look so daft. Why not?

Henry. It doesn't seem delicate, somehow.

Mrs. Slater. We could put that shabby old chest of drawers upstairs where the bureau is now. Elizabeth could have that and

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welcome. I've always wanted to get rid of it. (*She points to the drawers.*)

Henry. Suppose they come when we're doing it.

Mrs. Slater. I'll fasten the front door. Get your coat off.

Henry. We'll change it.

(*Mrs. Slater goes out to fasten the front door. Henry takes his coat off. Mrs. Slater reappears.*)

Mrs. Slater. I'll run up and move the chairs out of the way.

(*Victoria appears, dressed according to her mother's instructions.*)

Victoria. Will you fasten my frock up the back, Mother?

Mrs. Slater. I'm busy; get your father to do it.

(*Mrs. Slater hurries upstairs, and Henry fastens the frock.*)

Victoria. What have you got your coat off for, Father?

Henry. Mother and me is going to bring Grandfather's bureau down here.

Victoria. (*after a moment's thought*) Are we pinching it before Aunt Elizabeth comes?

Henry. (*shocked*). No, my child. Grandpa gave it your mother before he died.

Victoria. This morning?

Henry. Yes.

Victoria. Ah! He was drunk this morning.

Henry. Hush; you mustn't ever say he was drunk, now.

(*Henry has fastened the frock, and Mrs. Slater appears carrying a handsome clock under her arm.*)

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Mrs. Slater. I thought I'd fetch this down as well.
(*She puts it on the mantelpiece.*) Our clock's worth nothing and this always appealed to me.

Victoria. That's Grandpa's clock.

Mrs. Slater. Chut! Be quiet! It's ours now. Come, Henry, lift your end. Victoria, don't breathe a word to your aunt about the clock and the bureau.

(*They carry the chest of drawers through the doorway.*)

Victoria. (*to herself*) I thought we'd pinched them.

(*After a short pause there is a sharp knock at the front door.*)

Mrs. Slater. (*from upstairs.*) Victoria, if that's your aunt and uncle you're not to open the door.

(*Victoria peeps through the window.*)

Victoria. Mother, it's them?

Mrs. Slater. You're not to open the door till I come down. (*Knocking repeated.*) Let them knock away. (*There is a heavy bumping noise.*) Mind the wall, Henry.

(*Henry and Mrs. Slater, very hot and flushed, stagger in with a pretty old-fashioned bureau containing a locked desk. They put it where the chest of drawers was, and straighten the ornaments, etc. The knocking is repeated.*)

Mrs. Slater. That was a near thing. Open the door, Victoria. Now, Henry, get your coat on. (*She helps him.*)

Henry. Did we knock much plaster off the wall?

Mrs. Slater. Never mind the plaster. Do I look all right? (*Straightening her hair at the glass.*) Just watch Elizabeth's face when she sees we're all in half mourning. (*Throwing him "Tit-Bits"*). Take this and sit down. Try and look as if we'd been waiting for them.

(*Henry sits in the armchair and Mrs. Slater left the table. They read ostentatiously. Victoria ushers in Ben and Mrs. Jordan. The latter is a stout, complacent woman with an impassive face and an irritating air of being always right. She is wearing a complete and deadly outfit of new mourning crowned by a great black hat with plumes. Ben is also in complete new mourning, with black gloves and a band round his hat. He is rather a jolly little man, accustomed to be humorous, but at present trying to adapt himself to the regrettable occasion. He has a bright, chirpy little voice. Mrs. Jordan sails into the room and solemnly goes straight to Mrs. Slater and kisses her. The men shake hands. Mrs. Jordan kisses Henry. Ben kisses Mrs. Slater. Not a word is spoken. Mrs. Slater furtively inspects the new mourning.*)

Mrs. Jordan. Well, Amelia, and so he's gone at last.

Mrs. Slater. Yes, he's gone. He was seventy-two a fortnight last Sunday.

(*She sniffs back a tear. Mrs. Jordan sits on the left of the table. Mrs. Slater on the right. Henry in the armchair. Ben on the sofa with Victoria near him.*)

Ben (*chirpily*). Now, Amelia, you mustn't give way. We've all got to die some time or other. It might have been worse.

Mrs. Slater. I don't see how.

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- Ben.** It might have been one of us.
- Henry.** It's taken you a long time to get here, Elizabeth.
- Mrs. Jordan.** Oh, I couldn't do it. I really couldn't do it.
- Mrs. Slater.** (*suspiciously*) Couldn't do what?
- Mrs. Jordan.** I couldn't start without getting the mourning. (*Glancing at her sister.*)
- Mrs. Slater.** We've ordered ours, you may be sure. (*Acidly*) I never could fancy buying ready-made things.
- Mrs. Jordan.** No? For myself it's such a relief to get into the black. And now perhaps you'll tell us all about it. What did the doctor say?
- Mrs. Slater.** Oh, he's not been near yet.
- Mrs. Jordan.** Not been near?
- Ben.** (*in the same breath*) Didn't you send for him at once?
- Mrs. Slater.** Of course I did. Do you take me for a fool? I sent Henry at once for Dr. Pringle, but he was out.
- Ben.** You should have gone for another. Eh, Eliza?
- Mrs. Jordan.** Oh, yes, it's a fatal mistake.
- Mrs. Slater.** Pringle attended him when he was alive, and Pringle shall attend him when he's dead. That's professional etiquette.
- Ben.** Well you know your own business best, but———.
- Mrs. Jordan.** Yes———it's a fatal mistake.
- Mrs. Slater.** Don't talk so silly, Elizabeth. What good could a doctor have done?

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Mrs. Jordan. Look at the many cases of persons being restored to life hours after they were thought to be 'gone'.

Henry. That's when they've been drowned, Your father wasn't drowned, Elizabeth.

Ben. (*humorously*). There wasn't much fear of that. If there was one thing he couldn't bear it was water.
(*He laughs, but no one else does.*)

Mrs. Jordan. (*pained*). Ben! (*Ben is crushed at once.*)

Mrs. Slater. (*piqued*) I'm sure he washed regular enough.

Mrs. Jordan. If he did take a drop too much at times, we'll not dwell on that, now.

Mrs. Slater. Father had been 'merry' this morning. He went out soon after breakfast to pay his insurance.

Ben. My word, it's a good thing he did.

Mrs. Jordan. He always was thoughtful in that way. He was too honourable to have 'gone' without paying his premium.

Mrs. Slater. Well, he must have gone round to the Ring-o'-Bells afterwards, for he came in as merry as a sandboy. I says, "We're only waiting Henry to start dinner." "Dinner," he says, "I don't want, no dinner, I'm going to bed!"

Ben. (*shaking his head*). Ah! Dear, dear.

Henry. And when I came in I found him undressed sure enough and snug in bed.
(*He rises and stands on the hearth-rug.*)

Mrs. Jordan. (*definitely*). Yes, he'd had a 'warning.' I'm sure of that. Did he know you?

Henry. Yes, he spoke to me.

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- Mrs. Jordan.** Did he say he'd had a 'warning'?
- Henry.** No. He said, "Henry, would you mind taking my boots off; I forgot before I got into bed."
- Mrs. Jordan.** He must have been wandering.
- Henry.** No, he'd got'em on all right.
- Mrs. Slater.** And when we'd finished dinner I thought I'd take up a bit of something on a tray. He was lying there for all the world as if he was asleep, so I put the tray down on the bureau—(*correcting herself*) on the chest of drawers—and went to waken him. (*A pause.*) He was quite cold.
- Henry.** Then I heard Amelia calling for me, and I ran upstairs.
- Mrs. Slater.** Of course we could do nothing.
- Mrs. Jordan.** He was 'gone'?
- Henry.** There wasn't any doubt.
- Mrs. Jordan.** I always knew he'd go sudden in the end. (*A pause. They wipe their eyes and sniff back tears.*)
- Mrs. Slater.** (*rising briskly at length; in a business-like tone*) Well, will you go up and look at him now, or shall we have tea?
- Mrs. Jordan.** What do you say, Ben?
- Ben.** I'm not particular.
- Mrs. Jordan.** (*surveying the table*). Well then, if the kettle's ready we may as well have tea first.
- (*Mrs. Slater puts the kettle on the fire and gets tea ready.*)
- Henry.** One thing we may as well decide now; the announcement in the papers.

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- Mrs. Jordan. ~~I~~ was thinking of that. What would you put?
- Mrs. Slater. ~~At~~ the residence of his daughter, 235 Upper Cornbank Street, etc.
- Henry. You wouldn't care for a bit of poetry?
- Mrs. Jordan. ~~I~~ like "Never Forgotten." It's refined.
- Henry. Yes, but it's rather soon for that.
- Ben. You couldn't very well have *forgotten* him the day after.
- Mrs. Slater. I always fancy "A loving husband, a kind father, and a faithful friend."
- Ben. (*doubtfully*) Do you think that's right?
- Henry. I don't think it matters whether it's right or not.
- Mrs. Jordan. No, it's more for the look of the thing.
- Henry. I saw a verse in the *Evening News* yesterday. Proper poetry it was. It rhymed.
- (*He gets the paper and reads.*)
- "Despised and forgotten by some you may be.
But the spot that contains you is sacred to we."
- Mrs. Jordan. That'll never do. You don't say "sacred to we."
- Henry. It's in the paper.
- Mrs. Slater. You wouldn't say it if you were speaking properly, but it's different in poetry.
- Henry. Poetic licence, you know.
- Mrs. Jordan. No, that'll never do. We want a verse that says how much we loved him and refers to all his good qualities and, says what a heavy loss we've had.

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- Mrs. Slater. You want a whole poem. That'll cost a good lot.
- Mrs. Jordan. Well, we'll think about it after tea, and then we'll look through his bits of things and make a list of them. There's all the furniture in his room.
- Henry. There's no jewellery or valuables of that sort.
- Mrs. Jordan. Except his gold watch. He promised that to our Jimmy.
- Mrs. Slater. Promised your Jimmy! I never heard of that.
- Mrs. Jordan. Oh, but he did, Amelia, when he was living with us. He was very fond of Jimmy.
- Mrs. Slater. Well (*Amazed.*) I don't know!
- Ben. Anyhow, there's his insurance money. Have you got the receipt for the premium he paid this morning?
- Mrs. Slater. I've not seen it.

(Victoria, jumps up from the sofa and comes behind the table.)

- Victoria. Mother, I don't think Grandpa went to pay his insurance this morning.
- Mrs. Slater. He went out.
- Victoria. Yes, but he didn't go into the town. He met old Mr. Tattersall down the street, and they went off past St. Philips's Church.
- Mrs. Slater. To the Ring-o'-Bells, I'll be bound.
- Ben. The Ring-o'-Bells?
- Mrs. Slater. That public-house that John Shorrocks's widow keeps. He is always hanging about there. Oh, if he hasn't paid it.

- Ben.** Do you think he hasn't paid it? Was it overdue?
- Mrs. Slater.** I should think it was overdue.
- Mrs. Jordan.** Something tells me he's not paid it. I've a 'warning,' I know it; he's not paid it.
- Ben.** The drunken old beggar.
- Mrs. Jordan.** He's done it on purpose, just to annoy us.
- Mrs. Slater.** After all I've done for him, having to put up with him in the house these three years. It's nothing short of swindling.
- Mrs. Jordan.** I had to put up with him for five years.
- Mrs. Slater.** And you were trying to turn him over to us all the time.
- Henry.** But we don't know for certain that he's not paid the premium.
- Mrs. Jordan.** I do. It's come over me all at once that he hasn't.
- Mrs. Slater.** Victoria, run upstairs and fetch that bunch of keys that's on your grand pa's dressing-table.
- Victoria.** (timidly). In Grandpa's room?
- Mrs. Slater.** Yes.
- Victoria.** I—I don't like to.
- Mrs. Slater.** Don't talk so silly. There's no one can hurt you. (*Victoria goes out reluctantly.*) We'll see if he's locked the receipt up in the bureau.
- Ben.** In where? In this thing? (*He rises and examines it.*)
- Mrs. Jordan.** (also rising). Where did you pick that

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- up, Amelia? It's new since last I was here. (*They examine it closely.*)
- Mrs. Slater. Oh, Henry picked it up one day.
- Mrs. Jordan. I like it. It's artistic. Did you buy it at an auction?
- Henry. Eh! where did I buy it, Amelia?
- Mrs. Jordan. Yes, at an auction.
- Ben. (*disparagingly*). Oh, second-hand.
- Mrs. Jordan. Don't show your ignorance, Ben. All artistic things are second-hand. Look at those old masters.

(*Victoria returns, very scared. She closes the door after her.*)

- Victoria. Mother! Mother!
- Mrs. Slater. What is it, child?
- Victoria. Grandpa's getting up.
- Ben. What?
- Mrs. Slater. What do you say?
- Victoria. Grandpa's getting up.
- Mrs. Jordan. The child's crazy.
- Mrs. Slater. Don't talk so silly. Don't you know your Grandpa's dead?
- Victoria. No, no: he's getting up. I saw him.

(*They are transfixed with amazement: Ben and Mrs. Jordan left of table; Victoria clings to Mrs. Slater, right of table; Henry near fireplace.*)

- Mrs. Jordan. You'd better go up and see for yourself, Amelia.
- Mrs. Slater. Here—come with me, Henry.
(*Henry draws back terrified.*)
- Ben. (*suddenly*) Hist! Listen.

(*They look at the door. A slight chuckling is heard outside. The door opens, revealing an old man clad in a faded but gay dressing gown. He is in his*

stockinged feet. Although over seventy he is vigorous and well coloured; his bright, malicious eyes twinkle under his heavy, reddish-grey eyebrows. He is obviously either Grandfather Abel Merryweather or else his ghost.)

Abel. What's the matter with little Vicky?
(*He sees Ben and Mrs. Jordan.*) Hello!
What brings you here? How's yourself, Ben?

(*Abel thrusts his hand at Ben, who skips back smartly and retreats with Mrs. Jordan to a safe distance below the sofa.*)

Mrs. Slater. (*approaching Abel gingerly*) Grandfather, is that you.

(*She pokes him with her hand to see if he is solid.*)

Abel. Of course it's me. Don't do that, 'Melia. What the devil do you mean by this tomfoolery?

Mrs. Slater. (*to the others*). He's not dead.

Ben. Doesn't seem like it.

Abel. (*irritated by the whispering*) You've kept away long enough, Lizzie; and now you've come you don't seem over-pleased to see me.

Mrs. Jordan. You took us by surprise, Father. Are you keeping quite well?

Abel. (*trying to catch the words*). Eh, What?

Mrs. Jordan. Are you quite well?

Abel. Ay, I'm right enough but for a bit of a headache. I wouldn't mind betting that I'm not the first in this house to be carried to the cemetery. I always think Henry there looks none too healthy.

Mrs. Jordan. Well, I never!

(Abel crosses to the armchair and Henry gets out of his way to the front of the table.)

Abel. 'Melia, what the dickens did I do with my new slippers?

Mrs. Slater. *(confused)*. Aren't they by the hearth, Grandfather?

Abel. I don't see them. *(Observing Henry trying to remove the slippers.)* Why, you've got 'em on, Henry.

Mrs. Slater. *(promptly)*. I told him to put them on to stretch them, they were that new and hard. Now, Henry.

(Mrs. Slater snatches the slippers from Henry and gives them to Abel, who puts them on and sits in armchair.)

Mrs. Jordan. *(to Ben)* Well, I don't call that delicate, stepping into a dead man's shoes in such haste.

(Henry goes up to the window and pulls up the blind. Victoria runs across to Abel and sits on the floor at his feet.)

Victoria. Oh, Grandpa, I'm so glad you're not dead.

Mrs. Slater. *(in a vindictive whisper)*. Hold your tongue, Victoria.

Abel. Eh? What's that? Who's gone dead?

Mrs. Slater. *(loudly)* Victoria says she's sorry about your head.

Abel. Eh, thank you, Vicky, but I'm feeling better.

Mrs. Slater. *(to Mrs. Jordan)*. He's so fond of Victoria.

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- Mrs. Jordan.** (to Mrs. Slater). Yes; he's fond of our Jimmy, too.
- Mrs. Slater.** You'd better ask him if he promised your Jimmy his gold watch.
- Mrs. Jordan.** (disconcerted). I couldn't just now. I don't feel equal to it.
- Abel.** Why, Ben, you're in mourning! And Lizzie too and 'Melia, and Henry and little Vicky! Who's gone dead? It's some one in the family. (He chuckles.)
- Mrs. Slater.** No one you know, Father. A relation of Ben's.
- Abel.** And what relation of Ben's?
- Mrs. Slater.** His brother.
- Ben.** (to Mrs. Slater). Dang it, I never had one.
- Abel.** Dear, dear. And what was his name Ben?
- Ben.** (at a loss). Er—er.
(He crosses to front of table).
- Mrs. Slater.** (R. of table, prompting). Frederick.
- Mrs. Jordan.** (L. of table, prompting). Albert.
- Ben.** Er—Fred—Alb—Isaac.
- Abel.** Isaac? And where did your brother Isaac die?
- Ben.** In—er—in Australia.
- Abel.** Dear, dear. He'd be older than you, eh?
- Ben.** Yes, five years.
- Abel.** Ay, ay. Are you going to the funeral?
- Ben.** Oh, yes.
- Mrs. Slater.** and
- Mrs. Jordan.** No, no.
- Ben.** No, of course not. (He retires to L.)

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Abel. *(rising)* Well, I suppose you've only been waiting for me to begin tea. I'm feeling hungry.

Mrs. Slater. *(taking up the kettle).* I'll make tea.

Abel. Come along, now; sit you down and let's be jolly.

(Abel sits at the head of the table, facing spectators. Ben and Mrs. Jordan on the left. Victoria brings a chair and sits by Abel. Mrs. Slater and Henry sit on the right. Both the women are next to Abel.)

Mrs. Slater. Henry, give Grandpa some tongue.

Abel. Thank you. I'll make a start.

(He helps himself to bread and butter. Henry serves the tongue and Mrs. Slater pours out tea. Only Abel eats with any heartiness.)

Ben. Glad to see you've got an appetite, Mr. Merryweather, although you've not been so well.

Abel. Nothing serious. I've been lying down for a bit.

Mrs. Slater. Been to sleep, Grandfather?

Abel. No, I've not been to sleep.

Mrs. Slater.
and Henry. Oh?

Abel. *(eating and drinking)* I can't exactly call everything to mind, but I remember I was a bit dazed, like I couldn't move an inch, hand or foot.

Ben. And could you see and hear, Mr. Merryweather?

Abel. Yes, but I don't remember seeing anything particular. Mustard, Ben. *(Ben passes the mustard.)*

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Mrs. Slater. Of course not, Grandfather. It was all your fancy. You must have been asleep.

Abel. (*snappishly*) I tell you I wasn't asleep, 'Melia. Damn it, I ought to know.

Mrs. Jordan. Didn't you see Henry or Amelia come into the room?

Abel. (*scratching his head*) Now let me think—

Mrs. Slater. I wouldn't press him, Elizabeth. Don't press him.

Henry. No, I wouldn't worry him.

Abel. (*suddenly recollecting*) Ay, begad! 'Melia and Henry, what the devil did you mean by shifting my bureau out of my bedroom?

(*Henry and Mrs. Slater are speechless*)
D'you hear me? Henry! 'Melia!

Mrs. Jordan. What bureau was that Father?

Abel. Why, my bureau, the one I bought—

Mrs. Jordan. (*pointing to the bureau*) Was it that one Father?

Abel. Ah, that's it, What's it doing here Eh?

(*A pause. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes six. Everyone looks at it.*)

Drat me if that isn't my clock, too. What the devil's been going on in this house. (*A slight pause.*)

Ben. Well I'll be hanged.

Mrs. Jordan. (*rising*). I'll tell you what's been going on in this house, Father. Nothing short of robbery.

Mrs. Slater. Be quiet, Elizabeth.

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- Mrs. Jordan.** I'll not be quiet. Oh, I call it double faced.
- Henry.** Now, now, Elizabeth.
- Mrs. Jordan.** And you, too. Are you such a poor creature that you must do every dirty thing she tells you?
- Mrs. Slater.** (*rising*). Remember where you are, Elizabeth.
- Henry.** (*rising*). Come, come. No quarrelling.
- Ben.** (*rising*). My wife's every right to speak her own mind.
- Mrs. Slater.** Then she can speak it outside, not here.
- Abel.** (*rising, thumping the table*). Damn it all, will some one tell me what's been going on.
- Mrs. Jordan.** Yes, I will. I'll not see you robbed.
- Abel.** Who's been robbing me?
- Mrs. Jordan.** Amelia and Henry. They've stolen your clock and bureau. (*Working herself up*). They sneaked into your room like a thief in the night and stole them after you were dead.
- Henry and**
- Mrs. Slater.** Hush! Quiet, Elizabeth!
- Mrs. Jordan.** I'll not be stopped. After you were dead, I say.
- Abel.** After who was dead?
- Mrs. Jordan.** You.
- Abel.** But I'm not dead.
- Mrs. Jordan.** No, but they thought you were.
(*A pause. Abel gazes round at them.*)
- Abel.** Oh! So that's why you're all in black to-day. You thought I was dead. (*He*

chuckles.) That was a big mistake.
He sits and resumes his tea.)

Mrs. Slater. *(sobbing)* Grandfather.

Abel. It didn't take you long to start dividing my things between you.

Mrs. Jordan. No, Father; you mustn't think that. Amelia was simply getting hold of them on her own account.

Abel. You always were a keen one, Amelia. I suppose you thought the will wasn't fair.

Henry. Did you make a will?

Abel. Yes, it was locked up in the bureau.

Mrs. Jordan. And what was in it. Father?

Abel. That doesn't matter now. I'm thinking of destroying it and making another.

Mrs. Slater. *(sobbing)* Grandfather, you'll not be hard on me.

Abel. I'll trouble you for another cup of tea. 'Melia; two lumps and plenty of milk.

Mrs. Slater. With pleasure, Grandfather. *(She pours out the tea.)*

Abel. I don't want to be hard on anyone. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Since your mother died I've lived part of the time with you, 'Melia, and part with you, Lizzie. Well, I shall make a new will, leaving all my bits of things to whoever I'm living with when I die. How does that strike you?

Henry. It's a bit of a lottery like.

Mrs. Jordan. And who do you intend to live with from now?

- Abel.** (*drinking his tea*) I'm just coming to that.
- Mrs. Jordan.** You know, Father, it's quite time you come to live with us again. We'd make you very comfortable.
- Mrs. Slater.** No, he's not been with us as long as he was with you.
- Mrs. Jordan.** I may be wrong—but I don't think Father will fancy living on with you after what's happened to-day.
- Abel.** So you'd like to have me again, Lizzie?
- Mrs. Jordan.** You know we're ready for you to make your home with us for as long as you please.
- Abel.** What do you say to that, 'Melia?
- Mrs. Slater.** All I can say is that Elizabeth's changed her mind in the last two years. (*Rising*) Grandfather, do you know what the quarrel between us was about!
- Mrs. Jordan.** Amelia, don't be a fool; sit down.
- Mrs. Slater.** No, if I'm not to have him you shan't either. We quarrelled because Elizabeth said she wouldn't take you off our hands at any price. She said she'd had enough of you to last a lifetime, and we'd got to keep you.
- Abel.** It seems to me that neither of you has any cause to feel proud about the way you've treated me.
- Mrs. Slater.** If I've done anything wrong, I'm sure I'm sorry for it.
- Mrs. Jordan.** And I can't say more than that, too.

THE DEAR DEPARTED

Abel. It's a bit late to say it now. You, neither of you cared to put up with me.

Mrs. Slater and

Mrs. Jordan. No, no, Grandfather.

Abel. Ay, you both say that because of what I've told you about leaving my money. Well, since you don't want me, I'll go to some one that does.

Ben. Come, Mr. Merryweather. You've got to live with one of your daughters.

Abel. I'll tell you what I've got to do. On Monday next I've got to do three things. I've got to go to the lawyer's and alter my will; and I've got to go to the insurance office and pay my premium; and I've got to go to St. Philips' Church and get married.

Ben. & Henry. What!

Mrs. Jordan. Get married!

Mrs. Slater. He's out of his senses.

(General consternation.)

Abel. I say I'm going to get married.

Mrs. Slater. Who to?

Abel. To Mrs. John Shorrocks who keeps the Ring-o'-Bells. We've had it fixed up a good while now, but I was keeping it for a pleasant surprise. *(He rises)*. I felt I was a bit of a burden to you, so I found someone who'd think it a pleasure to look after me. We shall be very glad to see you at the ceremony. *(He gets to the door)*. Till Monday, then. Twelve O'clock at St. Philips's Church. *(Opening the door.)*

THE DEAR DEPARTED

It's a good thing you brought that bureau downstairs, 'Melia. It'll be handier to carry across to the Ring-o'-Bells on Monday. (He goes out.)

CURTAIN

NOTES AND COMMENTS

About the Author

Stanley Houghton (1881—1913) was one of the most prominent dramatists. However, his career was cut off at the early age of 32. A Manchester businessman, he was a professional dramatic critic for the *Manchester Guardian*. He wrote plays in his leisure hours. The play included in our selection is one of his best plays.

The Story of the Play

In this play we meet a different set of characters. There are selfish daughters, their stupid husbands and an old father. The old man owns a few things, which make him so attractive to his daughters. They love him for his things. Thus, when he is supposed to be dead, the daughters think only of dividing the dear father's money and things between themselves. No one thinks of the deadman; even the doctor is not called in to certify the death. The daughters and, of course, their good husbands, are excited over the unexpected death of the old man. Therefore, when the father makes his appearance the daughters get the worst shock of their life. They stand exposed.

The play is a typical comedy. The incidents though embarrassing for the characters, are full of humour. However, the whole affair has a moral meaning. The basic human affections between characters are snapped on account of selfishness. The daughters and their husbands are mean and morally shallow; the old man is rather too shrewd for them. Nevertheless, when the play ends we feel anger for the daughters (and their husbands) and are pleased to see the old

man leaving his hopeless daughters and beginning a new life. The play, however, raises a few questions: Is it correct to condemn the behaviour of the daughters: If so, what is the reason? Are they morally mean? While answering these questions, we should remember that the play is about the lower middle class life. The daughters are the housewives of a social class which is not materially well-off. For example, Amelia (Mrs. Slater) is tempted to remove the bureau from her father's bedroom because she cannot buy one of her own. The morality of the family is thus tied up with its economy. If it is so, how can we condemn Mrs. Slater? When looked in this way, the play ceases to be a comedy, and instead, becomes a document of economic injustice. In an economically stable situation, the daughters and their husbands might have behaved in a different way. Thus, meanness of their character is not a part of their nature; it is the outcome of their economic and social conditions. The little girl, Victoria, who is not conscious of her class, proves the point. She is loving and innocent precisely on the grounds that she is not conscious of the tensions of her social environment

P. 27. *blinds*—screens for windows.

shabby—in bad condition, much worn.

gaudy—showy, tastelessly fine.

plump—full, rounded, fleshy.

P. 28. *vulgar*—coarse, low; uncultured.

sharply—bitterly, in shrill voice.

D'ye hear—do you hear?

precocious—developed before time; (of plants) flowering or fruiting early.

amazed—surprised.

gallivanting—going about idly; idling away; roaming about.

in colours—in coloured clothes, dress.

stooping—stoop—bring one's head nearer the ground by bending down from standing position; carry one's head and shoulders bowed forward.

drooping—droop—hang down, hanging.

sash—scarf worn by woman or child round waist (from Arabic: *shash*—muslin).

P. 29. *speck*—spot, dot, stain, particle.

THE DEAR DEPARTED

trifles—things of little value or importance.

Briskly—actively, lively.

P. 30. *bureau*—desk with drawers.

grubbing—grub (verb) search, rummage, provide.

money-grubbing—money-hunting. How do you react to Mrs. Slater's sentence?

startled—alarmed, shocked. Is Amelia an honest woman?

daft—foolish, crazy.

It doesn't seem delicate—it does not look proper.

chest—large strong box.

P. 31. *pinching*—pinch—steal; stealing.

P. 32. *breathe a word to*—disclose.

bumping—throwing down (of box, etc.) violently.

flushed—face becoming red or hot.

stagger—walk unsteadily, totter.

P. 33. *ostentatiously*—ostentation—showing off, attempt or intention to attract attention.

stout—sturdy, strongly built.

complacent—self-satisfied.

impassive—without feeling or emotion, not subject to suffering.

regrettable—sorrowful.

sniff—draw up (air, liquid or scent).

P. 35. *to be gone*—to be dead.

piqued—pique: irritate, irritated.

merry—drunk.

sandboy—boy hawking sand for sale; as happy as a sandboy.

snug—well enclosed comfortably placed.

P. 36. *he'd had a warning*—he had foreknowledge of death:

warning—anticipation; foreknowledge. Anticipate—use in advance, to know before hand.

P. 37. *despised*—not liked, hated.

P. 38. *He promised that (gold watch) to our Jimmy*—How do you react to this? Is Mrs. Jordan a good daughter? Compare her with Amelia.

hanging about—mark note of contempt.

contempt—hatred.

P. 39. *reluctant*—unwilling.

We'll see if he's locked the receipt up in this bureau.
We will see if he has locked the receipt up in this bureau—mark her confusion.

P. 40. *disparagingly*—disparage—bring discredit to, to depreciate, speak slightly of.

old masters—paintings by old artists.

transfixed—rooted to the spot; (of horror or confusion) unable to move, speak, think, etc.

P. 41. *malicious*—full of ill-will.

malice—vindictive feelings.

skip—jump, move quickly.

smartly—quickly.

gingerly—cautiously, with showing extreme care so as to avoid what is touched.

P. 42. *dickens*—(colloquial) devil.

vindictive—revengeful.

P. 43. *chuckle*—suppressed laughter, laugh with closed mouth.

P. 45. *snappish*—ill-tempered.

snappishly—irritably.

scratch—scrape with nails to relieve itching.

recollecting—remembering, recalling.

begad—by God (a colloquial expression).

speechless—dumb, temporary loss of words.

Drat me—curse me.

a slight pause—a short pause, a short interval.

P. 46. *a poor creature*—sign of perplexity, confusion.

double-faced—insincere.

thump—(verb) beat heavily, especially with fist; deliver heavy blows at, on, etc. (noun) heavy blow, bang.

Damn it all—curse it all.

working herself up—(to work up)—to bring gradually to an effective state, to excite by degrees, to advance gradually to climax.

sneak—go quietly, slink, go furtively, steal, make off.

Hush—silence, be quiet, be silent.

gazes—looks around intently, fixedly.

P. 47. *hard on*—severe, too severe in treatment.

lottery—arrangement for distributing prizes by chance among purchasers of tickets; something that goes against expectation or calculation.

THE DEAR DEPARTED

P. 48. *happened*—taken place.

It seems.....treated me—the old man had been badly treated by his daughters.

P. 49. *premium*—sum paid to insurance company.

He's out of his senses—has gone mad.

consternation—dismay, surprise and fear.

I say I am going to get married—How do you react to Abel Merryweather's decision? Is he justified? What is your opinion?

EXERCISE

1. What is meant by the word: gallivanting? Why is Mrs. Slater so irritating in the beginning of the play?
2. Who according to you is better of the two sisters and why?
3. Write a short note on Mrs. Jordan.
4. Why has Mrs. Slater removed the clock from her father's room?
5. Has Mr. Abel Merryweather paid his premium? What happens when the sisters come to know of it?
6. Who is the most funny person in the play?
7. Do you agree with the ending of the play? Is it convincing?
8. Write a note on the little girl, Victoria.
9. Is it a good comedy? What is your view?



III

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

by

KATHLEEN CONYNGHAM GREENE

CHARACTERS

The Princess

A Juggler

Labourers

*Women
and
Children*

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

SCENE

The street of a country village.

A wide road leads into the little village. A market cross on three steps stands in the middle of the road. To the left is a pond with some ducks splashing about in it. To the right are a few cottages, gardens in front of them, filled with flowers.

The **Princess** enters walking along the road. She is dusty, the edge of her skirt is torn, and one of her shoes has come off. She wears her hair in a long pigtail under a cotton handkerchief. She is picking the flowers that hang out of cottage gardens, and singing as she goes.

Princess (singing).

"For me are your songs as your smiles and
your tears.

For me, for ever, for all the years,
I have conquered all your fears,
Now, for ever, for all the years.

For me are you, are you, and your smile,
Now, for ever and all the while . . ."

(She sits down on the steps of the cross with the flowers in her lap.)

Princess. Where am I now ? I must be twelve miles from home. And no one has known me ! I will laugh at Florimund ! This is life ! If I can do this once in every month I shall not mind the sentries and the banquets. Our good Florimund will find me an angel when I return. How he will laugh when he sees my dust and my rags ! Can I get a coach from here, I wonder, to take me home ? *(She twists her red rose round and round between her fingers.)* Where are all the people ? This is like a village of the dead. I am thirsty. I will have a glass of milk, and then one of these good villagers shall drive me home. Where are they all ? *(She rests her two hands on the step and looks round.)* No one in sight. Hoh ! la ! la !

(She calls loudly.)

(A little child appears out of one of the cottages and looks at her over the gate.)

Princess *(beckoning with her fingers)*. Come here, little one ! Where are all the people ?

Child *(with his fingers in his mouth)*. In the fields. Harvesting !

Princess Harvest ? Oh, this is very rural ! Tell me, has your mother any milk ?

Child Aye.

Princess. Get me a cup of milk, will you not ? I am very thirsty.

Child. (*pointing over his shoulder towards the cottage*). In there.

Princess. (*coming down the steps*). Oh, it is in there, is it ? And I must go and get it for myself ? This is a great adventure ! And what a tale for Florimund !

(*She goes across the road, through the garden, and disappears into the cottage. In a few minutes she comes out, carrying a jug and a cup, a loaf of bread and a knife.*)

Princess. Now, little one, we will eat here on the steps and see when your father and mother come home. Will you not have a bit of this good white bread ?

Child. (*standing up straight at the foot of the cross with his hands behind his back*). No. 'Tis the Sunday loaf.

Princess. But eat now. There will be some for Sunday as well.

Child. Nay. Mother'll beat me.

(*He runs back into the cottage. The Princess crumbles the remains of the bread between her fingers and throws it on to the road for the ducks.*)

Princess. (*singing*)

"And mine are your smiles and
your songs and your tears.

Now, for ever for all the years...

(*There is a sound of many voices coming along the road. The Princess pulls down the torn hem of her skirt and pushes back the hair from her face.*)

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

Princess. *(to herself).* Here are the harvesters ! Now to get a cart and to drive home. I could not walk another three steps ! How Florimund will laugh ! Indeed, I am quite like a girl of the people !

(She sticks out her dusty, shoeless foot and looks at it. The villagers enter, straggling one by one. Men and women with rakes and scythes, one woman carrying a heavy basket of apples. The first woman stops at the foot of the cross and stands with arms akimbo, looking up at the Princess.)

First Woman. And who is this ?

Princess. *(nodding and smiling).* Good evening, good dame.

First Woman. Oh ! good evening !

(The others gather up, talking and laughing, and put down their burdens round the steps of the cross.)

Princess. Will one of you have the goodness to harness a cart for me ? I wish to return to the town.

(There is a chorus of laughter)

First Man. Eh ! No doubt !

(He turns away and spits on to the road.)

Princess. *(standing up).* Will you have the goodness to do it for me now ? I must return at once to the town.

Second Woman. *(sitting down on the lowest step and tying her shoe).* She's cracked, no doubt, poor girl !

Princess. I have asked you twice. Did you hear me ?

Second Man. Aye ! Ask again and then move on. We can't have vagabonds here.

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

Princess. (*sitting down and laughing helplessly*). Oh, Florimund ! How he will laugh !

Third Woman. (*very shrill-voiced, calling out from the crowd*). What is that ? Is it my jug there on the step ? Hold it up !

Princess. (*holding up the jug*). Is it yours ? I took it from the cottage there on the right.

(*She points towards the cottage.*)

Third Woman. She took it ! She took it ! She tells me so ! (*She pushes past the other people on to the steps.*) And my knife ! And my cup ! And plate !

(*Her voice gets shriller and shriller. The little child squeezes through the bystanders and comes up to her.*)

Child. Mother ! She took the loaf for Sunday ! She gave it to the ducks, but I wouldn't eat it !

Third Woman. And my Sunday loaf !

(*She flings her hands up over her head.*)

Second Man. (*coming up the steps*). Did'e do it ? Did'e take the things ?

Princess. (*cowering back against the stem of the cross*). Yes ! I took them.

Third Woman. Oh, the brazen-faced hussy ! My jug and my loaf ! What will we have for Sunday ?

Princess. I'm sorry. I did.

Third Woman. Sorry...Sorry. So will you be ! And how do we know what else may not have gone ?

First Woman. That rose there : That will be from my garden !

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

Fourth Woman. My flowers too ! She's robbed more than th' gardens, we'll see !

Third Woman. Search her ! Search her !

(She seizes the Princess by the shoulders and pulls at the front of her dress. The Princess screams and pushes her off with her hands.)

Princess. Oh ! leave me ! leave me ! I'll tell you . . . I'll tell you who I am !

First Woman. 'Tis easy to see what you are ! The beauty !

First Man. Where is the child ? He'll say. *(To the child)* Answer me now ! Did she go into the cottage ?

Child. Aye. She did.

Third Woman. *(who has been feeling over the Princess).* There's nothing here upon her.

First woman. *(disconsolately).* Nothing ?

Third Woman. *(triumphantly).* Aye, and that shows to me that there must be another one in it ! She has passed things to another . who has gone off with them ! *(She seizes the Princess by the shoulder).* Where are they ? The things'e took ?

Princess. *(trembling).* I took nothing.

Third Woman. Why did'e go there into my house ?

Princess. I only took the bread and...

Third Woman. ...and...and...Do'e all hear that ?

Second Man. Let me come. I'll make her talk !

(He comes up the steps and tries to grasp her arm.)

Princess. *(screaming).* No ! No ! No ! I tell you I am the Princess ! Oh ! can't you believe what I say ?

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

Several Voices. (*scornfully*). The Princess ! The Princess !

Third man. Get her to the pond. She'll tell us what she's taken !

Several voices. Aye ! The pond !

Princess. (*putting her hands over her eyes*). No ! No ! No ! I have taken nothing ! Only the bread : I was hungry ! (*The Third Man seizes her hand.*) Oh ! don't touch me ! Can't you see ? Don't you know ? I am a Princess.

Third Woman. (*pointing to Princess' foot*). Without'n a shoe ! And in rags ! The Princess !

(*Shrieks of laughter from the crowd.*)

Princess. Won't you understand ? It was for an adventure ! Because my husband... ! Oh ! Florimund !

(*The First woman has come round from behind and seized her by the shoulders.*)

First Woman. Now up and stand, my hussy, and we'll see what cold water'll make'e say !

Second Man. (*from the background*). Whip her out of the place, the vagabond !

Several voices. Have some fun with her first !

(*The Princess flings her arms round the cross and screams.*)

Third Woman. Heat an iron at the forge ! That'll make her speak ! Like as not she took that hen and chickens of mine I lost last week !

Several voices. No ! The water ! Fetch her to the pond !

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

Princess. *(turning round with her hands clasped behind her round the cross).* I am the Princess ! Oh ! Can't you believe me ? I am the Princess !

(The Juggler has come up the road and is standing on the outskirts of the crowd. He is richly dressed and is followed by a boy with a basket.)

Juggler. Hello, Hello ! What have we here ?

Several Men. *(turning round).* Oh ! A gentleman !

(The First Man takes off his cap. The Juggler salutes briskly.)

Princess. *(shrilly.)* It is the man who came to the palace ! You remember me ! Don't you remember me ?

Juggler. What ? *(He runs up the steps, pushing aside the people. The Princess holds out her hand. He looks at her in amazement, then takes her hand and kisses it.)* What ? Your Highness ? Is it... ? What is all this ?

Princess. *(sobbing).* Oh ! I wanted an adventure. I left them all and borrowed a peasant girl's clothes. I came along the road, picking flowers...all alone...so free...Then these set upon me and said I had stolen their things. I only took a little milk and bread and flowers. And they won't know who I am.

(The people have been watching from the foot of the steps.)

Third Woman. *(loudly).* Now, young sir ! Let her be ! We must finish our fun with her !

Second Man. Whip her out of the place, the vagabond !

- Juggler** (*turning round and speaking very clearly*). Good people, you do not know what you are doing ! This is her Highness the Princess, the newly-married consort of our illustrious Prince Florimund.
- A Voice.** Princess ! Ha ! Ha !
- Another Voice.** Why is she dressed up so then ?
- Juggler.** For her own pleasure the Princess put on the simple clothes of a village girl...
- Third Woman.** (*shrilly*). 'Tis likely for a Princess ! Young man, give her here ! We'll duck her !
- Second Man.** A vagabond, a vagabond ! Whip her out of the place !
- Juggler.** I tell you I myself had the honour of giving a performance before Her Highness last week. Several performances. Her Highness's grace and condescension even went so far that she deigned...
- First Woman.** Her Highness ! Grace ! Let be young man ! Princesses behave as princesses should. This is but a common vagabond !
- Second Man.** And whip her out of the place !
(*The woman comes up the steps. The Second Man is cracking a cart-whip in the background.*)
- Juggler.** I tell you, you are wrong ! This is a gracious lady !
- Princess.** Oh ! tell them if they will let me go that my husband will give them everything they ask for !
- Juggler.** One and all they deserve the gallows !

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

Princess. Do not make them more angry ! Good people, if you will believe me, if you will let me just go quietly home, you may have anything you can ask for ! Gold . . . and silver . . . (*she looks round*) . . . ducks, a hundred jugs and plates, a hundred loaves of bread . . . I swear that I can give you this !

Juggler. And I swear to you that she can do all she says.

First Woman. All very well, but how'll we know ? Show us something that'll prove it. What can'e do ? Princess, eh ?

Juggler. (*low and eagerly*). What can Your Highness do ? Quick ! all may depend on this !

Princess. (*putting her hand up to her face*).
What can I do ? What can I do ?

(*The Second Man cracks his whip loudly, close to her ear. Someone throws a stone into the pond with a loud splash. There is a shrill laugh.*)

A Voice. Splash her in !

Juggler. (*to the crowd*). Her Highness can sing. No one can mistake the voice of a princess !

First Man. Sing, can'e ? Let her sing to us, then, princess or no princess.

Princess. (*looking round*). Have you a guitar ?
A viol ?

Second Woman. No, my dear.

(*There is a burst of laughter. The Second Man is chasing the screaming children about the road with his whip. The Princess clasps her hands and sings quaveringly.*)

"For me are your smiles and your songs and your tears.

Mine for ever, for all the years. . ."

(There is another burst of laughter.)

A Voice.

Singing ! Eh ? Can'e sing ? "For me are your tears !" So they will be when'e's in the pond !

Third Man.

(mimicking her.)

"For me are your smiles, for me are your tears !"

(Loud laughter from all sides.)

Juggler.

Oh ! Your Highness, what can you do ?

Princess.

I can dance ! Good people, I can dance for you !

Second Man.

Dance down the street at the whip end, the vagabond !

Third Man.

Aye ! Let'e dance ! Let us see how a princess can dance !

(The Princess comes down from the steps and stands in the dust in the middle of the ring of villagers. She holds her torn skirt in her hand and looks round vaguely.)

Princess.

The music ? Will you play ?

First Man.

The music ? Don't'e hear it ?

Juggler.

(breathing very fast). Your Highness, there is no music.

(The Princess makes the first steps of a minuet.)

First Woman.

Dancing ! That's dancing ! As princesses dance ! *(She laughs loudly.)*

Bet.

Oh ! lor !

First Woman.

(pushing her forward). Here, Bet, can'e dance like that ?

Bet.

(giggling). Oh, ! lor ! *(She puts her hands on her hips and kicks about her legs.)* Dancing ! Oh ! lor !

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

Second Man. (*from the outskirts of the crowd*).
Give her here! I'll make her dance!

(*The Princess runs up the steps and crouches down against the cross. The Juggler stands over her, glaring at the people.*)

First Woman. (*loudly and authoritatively*). Now here, then, young man! Give us your princess! We have given her a chance to show herself! Could she ha'danced or could she ha'sung we'd ha'believed she were more'n a vagabond...

Third Woman. (*shrilly*). Thieving hussy!

First Woman. ...But she can do nothing. So we'll have a bit of fun with her and send her out on the road.

Second Man. Whip her out of the place!

Bet. (*giggling*). Dance again! Let's dance again!

Third Man. (*squeezing Bet round the waist*).
Here's one as can dance.
(*Bet struggles and shrieks ecstatically.*)

Third Woman. Come on now!
(*She grasps the Princess' arm.*)

Juggler. (*pushing himself between*). I tell you, you are mad fools! You will have your houses burnt above your heads! Do you think the Prince will pardon such treatment as this? And if you kill her, as you will surely kill her, a delicate woman! ...do you think the Prince will be content till he has seen you all, men, women, and children, dead

before his eyes? Can't you see that this is not a common road woman?

(Some people look at one another nervously.)

First Man. Let's show us something! What can't we do? We won't let vagabonds pass!

(The Juggler looks round in despair. He sees his boy holding the basket on the outskirts of the crowd, and signals to him wildly. Then he turns to the Princess.)

Juggler. Does your Highness remember? Could Your Highness do the trick with the balls that you were so gracious as to learn from me?

Princess. Throwing the balls? Oh, yes! I used to play with my sisters.

Juggler. Your Highness would deign?

Princess. I could do it. I think I could do it.
(She pushes up the sleeve from her arm.)

Juggler. *(to the crowd, taking a deep breath).* You ask to see some sign that this is a princess, a lady from the highest places in the land? Well...since you must see...! Which of you can throw a ball into the air and catch it?

Bet. *(from the foreground, where she is peering impertinently at the Princess).* I could.

Juggler. Which of you can throw two balls and catch them?

Woman. *(pushing forward a small boy).* Johnny here, he can.

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

Juggler. Which of you could throw three balls, and four and five and keep them flying above the ground? Which of you?

(The Juggler's boy pushes up to the steps with his gaily decorated basket. The Juggler fumbles with the strings.)

Princess. *(eagerly).* No, No. Give me that basket of apples!

(The people are all listening and watching. The Second Woman drags up the basket of apples. The Princess stoops down and takes three apples into her lap. She throws them up and catches them again, keeping them flying in the air at once.)

First Man. See her now? Could'e do that, Bet? Could'e, Johnny?

Johnny. *(watching open-mouthed).* Nay!

(The Princess takes another apple and keeps four flying at once.)

First Woman. Do'e see? Do'e see?

Second Woman. Look at her hands! She never did no scrubbing!

(The Juggler leans against the cross with folded arms, looking at the ground. The Princess takes a fifth apple. A loud murmur of admiration comes from the crowd.)

Princess. *(singing, keeping the apples spinning from hand to hand.)*

"For me are your songs and your smiles and your tears.

Mine for ever, through all the years;
Give me your hand, forget your fears..."

- First Man.** Could'e do that ? Could'e ?
(The people press all forward, watching.)
- First Woman.** Do'e see the lace at her elbow ?
 Under the ragged sleeve.
- Second Man.** *(holding his breath).* Will she drop
 it now..... ? No !
- Princess.** *(singing).*
 "I have conquered all your fears,
 For ever, for ever, for all the years,
 And mine for ever shall be your smile.."
 Throw me another apple !
- First Woman.** *(in awe).* What ! Another apple !
- Third Woman.** Give it now !
(A man comes forward sheepishly with an apple.)
- Princess.** *(imperiously).* Throw it ! Throw it !
(She catches it and spins it with the others. The six apples jump up and down round her like the weaving of a pattern. A cry of admiration comes from the crowd.)
- Princess.** *(singing).*
 "Mine for ever, for all the years."
(She spins one apple at Johnny, who is gazing with open mouth.)
 For you !
(She spins another at Bet, who drops it and gropes on her knees after it in the dust. The third flies up in the air. The Juggler gives a start, spreads out his two palms and catches it. The Princess stands up, three apples leaping up and down from her hands. She looks round at the crowd of faces.)
- Princess.** Whoever catches this may lend me
 a cart. *(She spins one apple into the crowd).* Whoever catches this
 may lend me a horse. *(She throws*

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

a second.) And whoever this...(she tosses it up and down)...may drive me back to the town.

(She throws the last apple up into the air. There is a scramble.)

Several Voices. I caught it...I did...I.

(The Princess sinks down on the step. A battered country cart is dragged to the front of the cross. Someone brings out an old shaggy-legged horse. The Third Man climbs on to the front of the cart, the Second Man hands him the whip, which he waves with a beautiful flourish.)

Juggler. Your Highness' carriage waits !

CURTAIN



THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

NOTES AND COMMENTS

About the Author

A good dramatist, Kathleen C. Greene, had specialized in writings for children. The play in our Selection has been taken from *The Little Boy out of the Wood and other Dream Plays*.

The Story of the Play

The play is about a princess in disguise who has left the town, and has arrived in a village to have some adventure. She is dusty, the edge of her skirt is torn, and one of her shoes has come off. She picks the flowers that hang out of the cottage gardens, and sings. The villagefolk laugh at her and hardly believe her to be a real princess. However, if we have a close look at the play we will find that she is only a dream-princess, and like Cindrella, she is moving about in a fairy world. But unlike the Cindrella story, the fairy world of the Princess is full of mocking men and women. Even this does not affect the appeal of the play. There is a good deal of fun in what happens, and one feels child-like joy in moving about with the disguised girl. There is smile on every face in the play, and the princess even in her distress is no more unhappy than the village women who want to give her a dip in the pond.

While reading the play it will be interesting to note that the Princess does not look like a village girl at all in spite of her torn and dusty skirt. She is polite, and her speech is widely different from that of the village crowd. There seems to be no clear cut distinction between dream and reality in the play.

The children, labourers, women and the juggler make the play a good entertainment. The world, as it is known, is left far behind and instead a different world appears before our eyes : the world of innocence and humour

P. 57. *splashing* about—moving across.

splash—bespatter with water, etc.—cause water to fly about in drops.

For me are your songs and your smiles and your tears etc.
What is your reaction to the song? Is it a happy song? How?

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

- P. 58. *sentry*—term in ordinary military use for sentinel, soldier.
sentries—soldiers.
banquets—feasts, dinners.
- P. 59. *crumbles*—breaks—(crumbs : small fragments especially of bread).
- P. 60. *Florimund*—the dream-prince.
straggle—stray from the main body, get dispersed, proceed in irregular order.
rakes—implement, for drawing hay together
scythe—mowing and reaping implement of long, slightly curved blade.
akimbo—with hands on hips and elbows outwards.
- P. 61. *flings*—throws.
cowering—standing in bent position.
cower—squat, stand, crouch especially from fear.
brazen-faced—shameless.
hussy—woman of light or worthless character, pert girl.
- P. 62. *disconsolate*—unhappy, disappointed, forlorn.
- P. 63. *Shrieks*—cries (of laughter)
screams—utters cry of pain or fear.
forg—blacksmith's hearth or fireplace.
- P. 64. *outskirts*, outer border or fringe.
- P. 65. *condescension*—affability (to inferiors), patronizing manner.
deign—think fit or proper.
gallows—structure on which criminals are hanged.
- P. 66. *quaver*—shake, tremble, vibrate.
- P. 67. *mimicking*—imitating.
giggle—laugh like an ill-bred undisciplined girl.
- P. 68. *ecstatically*—delightfully.
- P. 69. *impertinent*—insolent, out of place, absurd.
peering—looking.
- P. 71. *imperiously*—in an overbearing manner, commandingly, (imperious : overbearing, domineering, urgent, imperative.)
- P. 72. *scramble*—struggle to get as much as possible.
battered—broken.
shaggy—hairy, rough-haired, (of hair) coarse.
flourish—wave, throw (limbs) about.

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD

EXERCISES

1. Explain briefly the importance of the Juggler in the play.
2. Criticize the behaviour of the crowd.
3. Why do you think this is called a dream-play?
4. Write a short note on the "Princess".
5. Which play in this Selection would you describe as "realistic" and which as "poetic"? Discuss the meaning of the terms before you decide, and remember that a play need not be written in verse to be poetic in spirit.
6. Has the Princess done a good thing by moving out in disguise? What is your view?

PART II
(POEMS)

William Blake

THE ECHOING GREEN

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring
The skylark and thrush, 5
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green. 10

Old John, with white hair, -
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play, 15
And soon they all say :
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth time were seen
On the Echoing Green.' 20

Till the little ones, weary
No more can be merry ;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers 25
Many sisters and brothers,

Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

30

NOTES AND COMMENTS

William Blake was born on November 28, 1757 and died on August 12, 1827. At fourteen, he had chosen to be an engraver; and he held to that choice until he died. He served for seven years as an apprentice; he engraved for booksellers; he ran a paint shop. In fact, Blake, the poet, lived as an engraver. He is remembered as a great visionary. The poems included in this selection represent the basic features of his poetry.

This short poem has been taken from *Songs of Innocence* by William Blake. The songs are the divine voice of childhood unchallenged by the test and doubts of later years. It is the hardest thing in the world to write good poetry for children, and much of what passes as poetry for children is childish rather than childlike. In *Songs of Innocence*, Blake expresses in simple and lovely diction the happiness and innocence of the child's first thoughts about life. The songs are also an expression of wonder.

The Echoing Green is a short description in verse of a grassy field on a warm afternoon in late spring. Old John and the mothers sit on the wooden seat under an old tree while the happy children are busy in games. Then evening comes, and it is time to go home. Mark the mood of Stanza 2, and compare it with what happens in Stanza 3. Note also the change from "*On the Echoing Green*" to "*On the darkening Green*" in the last stanza. The green not only becomes gloomy, it takes on an unpleasant aspect in the evening shades when things become different and their shadows look fearful.

Echoing Green—mark the voices of children heard in the public park.

- L. 5. *skylark and thrush*—birds associated with joy and happiness.

skylark—a small bird that flies upwards, singing.

thrush—a singing bird.

6. *birds of the bush*—wild birds, birds of every description.

11. *Old John*—note his age.

14. *old folk*—suggests old age; passing away of youth and childhood.

21. *weary*—tired.

23. *The sun does descend*—mark the sway of time on human life.

- 26-27. *Many sisters and brothers like birds in their nest*—note the tenderness associated with sisters, brothers, and birds in their nest.



William Blake

THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND

All the night in woe
Lyca's parents go
Over valleys deep,
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,
Hoarse with making moan
Arm in arm seven days
They trac'd the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep
Among shadows deep,
And dream they see their child
Starv'd in desert wild.

Pale, thro' pathless ways
The fancied image strays
Famish'd, weeping, weak,
With hollow piteous shriek.

Rising from unrest,
The trembling woman prest
With feet of weary woe :
She could no further go.

In his arms he bore
Her, arm'd with sorrow sore ;
Till before their way
A couching lion lay.

- Turning back was vain : 25
Soon his heavy mane
Bore them to the ground.
Then he stalk'd around.
- Smelling to his prey ;
But their fears allay 30
When he licks their hands,
And silent by them stands.
- They look upon his eyes
Fill'd with deep surprise ;
And wondering behold 35
A spirit arm'd in gold.
- On his head a crown ;
On his shoulders down
Flow'd his golden hair.
Gone was all their care. 40
- 'Follow me,' he said ;
'Weep not for the maid ;
In my palace deep
Lyca lies asleep.'
- Then they followed 45
Where the vision led,
And saw their sleeping child
Among tigers wild.
- To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell ; 50
No fear the wolfish howl
Nor the lion's growl. 81

NOTES AND COMMENTS

This poem is taken from William Blake's *The Songs of Experience*. This song is an expression of sadness, though *The Little Girl Found* shows a ray of hope in the bitterness of human life. According to Blake's opinion, men are ignorant of the true knowledge of life because they do not look beyond the common meaning of things. There is fear and suffering in these songs, which the poet observes in strange amazement.

Lyca's parents lose her and bemoan her loss; but Lyca is safe amongst the beasts of prey, and when her parents at last find her they begin to live happily together, as in the golden age, amongst the beasts of whom they had been afraid. It is a simple story of a girl lost and found. But it raises a few questions which can be answered only in one's maturer years. Who is Lyca? What is meant by the beasts of prey and what is the poem about? The story has a fairy-tale atmosphere and may be enjoyed as such.

- L. 1. *woe*—bitter grief, distress.
4. *While the deserts weep*—mark nature's sympathy on Lyca's loss.
14. *The fancied image*—Lyca.
18. *The trembling woman*—Lyca's mother.
21. *his arm*—suggests Lyca's father.
22. *sore*—painful.
24. *couching*—lying in ambush, in the position of attack.
A couching lion lay—note the strange meeting of the lion with Lyca's parents. The lion is there to guide them.
37. *On his head a crown...*—The lion is no longer a thing of fear; he becomes a symbol of joy and hope.
46. *vision*—the thing seen in dream.
48. *Among tigers wild*—Lyca is innocent, and her innocence has tamed the wild tigers.
50. *dell*—a valley usually with tree-covered sides.
51. *No fear the wolfish howl*—Lyca and her parents dwell there untroubled by fear.



THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

We walk'd along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun ;
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
"The will of God be done !"

A village schoolmaster was he, 5
With hair of glittering grey ;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass, 10
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun,
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun, 15
So sad a sigh has brought ?"

A second time did Matthew stop ;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply : 20

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

And on that slope of springing corn 25
 The self-same crimson hue
 Fell from the sky that April morn,
 The same which now I view !

With rod and line my silent sport
 I plied by Derwent's wave, 30
 And coming to the church, stopp'd short
 Beside my Daughter's grave.

Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
 The pride of all the vale ;
 And then she sang :—She would have been 35
 A very nightingale.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
 And yet I loved her more,
 For so it seemed, then till that day
 I e'er had loved before. 40

And, turning from her grave, I met,
 Beside the church-yard yew,
 A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
 With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare ; 45
 Her brow was smooth and white :
 To see a child so very fair,
 It was a pure delight !

No fountain from its rocky cave
 E'er tripped with foot so free ; 50
 She seemed as happy as a wave
 That dances on the sea.

There came from me a sigh of pain
 Which I could ill confine ;
 I looked at her, and looked again :
 And did not wish her mine !” 55

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
 Me thinks, I see him stand,
 As at that moment, with a bough
 Of wilding in his hand: 60

NOTES AND COMMENTS

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in 1770. He was educated at Hawkshead Grammar School where he showed keen zest in many sports as also ardent love of Nature which was to distinguish the future nature-poet. In St. John's College, Cambridge, he read much and studied little. After taking his degree he travelled with a friend on the Continent and felt and showed great interest in the French Revolution. In 1797, his intimacy with Coleridge ripened into a friendship ; one of its fruits being *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. He was created poet-laureate in 1843. He died in 1850.

In this poem the old man (Matthew) mourns a dead and unreplaceable child. But the attitude is broader and deeper than sorrow or regret. The memory of the old man saves him from despair. The poem describes Matthew and a boy setting out as the sun is rising. It tells how the old man is struck with the thought of a time thirty years before (*such another morning*) when he was going off on a similar expedition. He came up then to the churchyard where his young daughter, Emma, was buried. And as he turned away from the grave he saw a girl who looked very like his dead daughter. This aroused a strange feeling in him. The original pain of the loss of his own daughter seemed to be compensated in the living girl. But the fear of death made him shake off the resemblance between the two. Matthew's "*And did not wish her mine*" leaves the reader with mixed feelings. Between the dead child and the

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

living girl the old man sees life and death, the joy and the pain as though he himself is standing in the presence of God.

L. 7. *blithe*—gay.

10. *rills*—small streams.

21. *Yon*—that.

26. *hue*—colour, tint.

30. *plied*—used, worked.

42. *yew*—a slow-growing dark-leaved evergreen tree often planted in graveyards.

43. *A blooming Girl*...—note the description. Is it a vision of the old man?

48. *It was a pure delight* :—mark the underlying sense of joy.

53. *There came from me a sigh of pain*...—The girl under the yew tree makes the old man realise his personal loss. Death makes him sad and he, in his heart wishes her a long life.

60. *wilding*—a wild plant.



TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE New-comer I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice,
O Cuckoo shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

5

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

10

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

15

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

20

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

25

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for Thee.

30

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Wordsworth tells how he hears the Cuckoo and wonders if it is not more than a bird, and this wonder rises from his memories of childhood when the Cuckoo made him forget everything. He finds that it still does this, and he connects the present with the past and discovers that he has not after all quite lost his contact with the happiness of early years. The Cuckoo, like the nightingale and the skylark, is the bird of joy. Wordsworth imagines it as a wandering voice and makes it the messenger of a happier world. This poem and the next (*We Are Seven*) have been beautifully rendered into Urdu by Azmatullah Khan.

L. I. *O BLITHE New-comer*—see this note of welcome and read it along with lines 3-4. Mark indirect reference to bitterness.

9. *babbling*—talking without coherence, murmuring (of streams).

Vale—valley.

12. *visionary hours*—suggests joyous and cheerful period of childhood.

13. *darling of the spring*—Cuckoo is a migratory bird which comes to England in April. Spring is associated with Cuckoo.

15. *No bird, but an invisible thing...*The song of the bird gives joy. Though invisible yet it fills the air with its cheerful voice. Mystery lies in its influence which makes one forgetful.
17. *The same whom in my schoolboy days—*Wordsworth connects the present with the past. It reminds the poet of his school days.
21. *rove—*roam, wander about.
28. *That golden time—*state of happiness, carefree days of childhood.
29. *the earth we pace....—*note the power and influence of Cuckoo's song.



William Wordsworth

WE ARE SEVEN

A simple Child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage Girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

5

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

10

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
"How many may you be ?"
"How many ? Seven in all," she said
And wondering looked at me.

15

"And where are they ? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we ;
"And two of us at Conway-dwell,
"And two are gone to sea.

20

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
"My sister and my brother ;
"And, in the churchyard cottage, I
"Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell, 25
 "And two are gone to sea,
 "Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,
 "Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
 "Seven boys and girls are we ; 30
 "Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 "Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
 "Your limbs they are alive ;
 "If two are in the churchyard laid, 35
 "Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
 The little Maid replied,
 "Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
 "And they are side by side. 40

"My stockings there I often knit,
 "My 'kerchief there I hem ;
 "And there upon the ground I sit,
 "And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir, 45
 "When it is light and fair,
 "I take my little porringer,
 "And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane ;
 "In bed she moaning lay, 50
 "Till God released her of her pain,
 "And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid :
 "And, when the grass was dry,
 "Together round her grave we played, 55
 "My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
 "And I could run and slide,
 "My brother John was forced to go,
 "And he lies by her side." 60

"How many are you, then," said I,
 "If they two are in heaven ?"
 The little Maiden did reply,
 "O Master ! we are seven."

"But they are dead ; those two are dead ! 65
 "Their spirits are in heaven !"
 'Twas throwing words away ; for still
 The little Maid would have her will,
 And said, "Nay, we are seven !"

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Wordsworth described himself as a man talking to men. He had assumed a special responsibility for doing so. The poems change persons. The poet can make and also unmake. He has to be a certain sort of man before he (the poet) has the right to speak to men. Though, in poetry, a man must use words, it is the man and not the words that matters. For Wordsworth poetry is related to the real and desirable sympathies of everyday life. The poet is a man first with deep affections for human beings.

Wordsworth saw in the poet a responsible human spokesman, who must insist on the truth. What is required to be taught through poetry must be both moral and instructive. Wordsworth, therefore, selected those episodes which could guide the readers in their observation through life. This poem may be studied in the light of what has been said.

The poem is about a little girl who does not have any idea of death. Is it possible to imagine such a girl? Of course, not. But that is precisely the point which Wordsworth is intending to make. He seems to ask if it is possible to rule out death from human feelings. In order to see it happen Wordsworth imagines a little girl who has a deep love for natural objects. Everything that she sees is real and always present. She does not have any idea of what we describe as absent or as not present at all. Therefore her brothers who have left the cottage and have gone elsewhere are very much present with her. Distance is without any meaning to her. In the same way she does not feel the absence of her dead brother and sister (John and Jane). She has even deeper ties with them. Their graves (which are always green) and the environment that they had known together, keep John and Jane always fresh in her memory. She, in fact feels their real presence. They are not dead ; they are very much alive.

"But they are dead ; those two are dead !

Their spirits are in Heaven !"

"T was throwing words away ; for still

The little Maid would have her will,

And said, "Nay, we are seven !"

However, what makes the poem interesting is the marked difference of age between the poet and the little girl. The poet gives the commonsense view of things ; for him the dead can hardly be counted among those who are alive. But the little girl who lives in her world of innocence fails to see the harsh distinction made by death in the joy of a happy life. In spite of all this, the poem has an atmosphere of sadness about it.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

- L. 1. *dear brother Jim*—character who listens to the poet's narrative. Wordsworth employs dramatic-narrative technique ; Jim is a popular name used in ballads.
- 2-3. *That lightly draws its breath/ And feels its life in every limb, etc.*—characterize the simple girl. Mark the poet's reference to her happier childhood. Death which is the reverse of life cannot exist in such a life-giving state.
- 7-8. *Her hair was thick with many a curl/That clustered round her head*—mark the poet's description of the girl ; note economy of words.
clustered—brought, bound together, closed together.
cluster—group of similar things such as grow together, bunch.
9. *rustic*—rural, having the appearance or manners of country people, peasants, unsophisticated, unpolished, unrefined.
10. *wildly clad*—clad in a wild manner.
clad—clothed, covered.
wild—disorderly, irregularly, out of control, unconventional.
12. *Her beauty made me glad*—Is the poet unhappy ? Can you give any reason ?
16. *And wondering looked at me*—mark her innocence.
25. *dwell*—live.
36. *ye*—you.
37. *Their graves are green they may be seen*—The little girl has no idea of death. The green graves are enough to remind her of dead brother and sister. In her innocence she cannot distinguish between life and death.
42. *hem* (verb)—turn down and sew the edge of cloth.
 (noun)—border, edge of cloth, border made by turning in edge and sewing it down.
43. *I sit and sing to them, etc.*—how do you react to these lines ? Mark emphasis on the word '*Sing*'.
47. *porringer*—(noun) small basin from which soup, etc. is eaten especially by children.
50. *moaning*—suffering.
moan—long low murmur of physical or mental suffering.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

51. *released*—liberated, delivered from trouble, sorrow.
release—set free, liberate, unfasten.
- 51-52. *Till God released her of her pain/And then she went away*—see how the poet has made death absolutely harmless.
55. *Together round her grave we played etc.*—mark the little girl's intimate association with them. It is this association which keeps them alive still in her mind.
59. *My brother John was forced to go*—compare with the line "*And then she went away!*" Perhaps John had died suddenly, therefore the poet uses a different expression.
- 51-62. *God, heaven and pain*—How do you react to the simple faith of the little girl? Write a note on your reaction to the poem.



S. T. Coleridge

YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee.
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young !

5

When I was young ?—Ah, woful When !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along :-
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

10

15

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old !

20

Ere I was old ? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,

25

I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that Thou art gone !
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—
 And thou wert aye a masker bold ! 30
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe, that thou art gone ?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size :
 But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips, 35
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but thought : so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve ! 40
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve,
 When we are old.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) was the youngest son of a clergyman. In 1794 he left the University (Cambridge) without taking a degree. He visited Malta and Italy (1804-1806). He was associated with the weekly publication of *The Friend* in 1809-10. As a poet he holds an important place among the great romantics. His book *Biographia Literaria* which came out in 1817 is a significant contribution to the theory of criticism. He was elected Associate of the Royal Society of Literature in 1824.

This poem makes us see the difference between youth and old age. It is somewhat difficult to imagine old age when one is young, though it is fairly easy to look back on youth when

one has grown old. Coleridge describes his feelings of regret for those days when everything was so cheerful to him. He was then young and could look at life with hope and happiness. As a sensitive young man he felt the charm of natural objects, and could look forward to the future days with the zest of youth. But youth had gone and, instead, old age had become his companion.

This makes him go back to the memories of his younger days. He was not so weak ; then his spirits were unchecked and free. He was then afraid of nothing. Nature and its objects invited him with an attraction. Life was a pleasure to him. Within these pleasurable surroundings, called youth, he met love, liberty and friendship. It is interesting to note his description of these feelings in the following lines :

*Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love and Liberty.
Ere I was old !*

But the memories of these happy days only add to his regrets ; and he realizes that his younger self, in fact, belonged to a different person. His old age is a perfect stranger to his imagined youth. The use of "Thou" and "I" enhances the sense of loss between these two points in his life. In spite of this, the poem takes a happy turn.

While looking back he thinks that youth has not gone ; it has only disguised itself in old age. The appearance simply deceives, because youth as a tearful figure still lives in his imagination. As long as one can think and recollect, there is no such thing as loss. Life in its serial time changes, but thought keeps it fresh and saves it from fading away. Old age, therefore, does not mean the loss of youth. One grows old only with the loss of hope. Note these lines :

*Dew drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old.*

- L. 1. *Age*—duration of life, *age* (verb) cause to grow old.
Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying—mark poetry as gentle wind blowing without stir among flowers.
mid—amid ; in the middle of.
stray—wander, go aimlessly.
straying—wandering.
breeze—gentle wind, wind off land or sea at certain hours.
blossoms—flowers, mass of flowers ; (verb) open into flower.
2. *feed*—supply with food, nourish.
Verse, Hope and bee— mark the garden-imagery; poetry is regarded as source of nourishment; note also the suggested reference to honey, sweetness and light. Poetry gave him hope ; it was the source of sweetness and light.
cling—remain in contact ; stick, adhere to.
3. *Life went a-maying*—life was all happiness.
maying—dancing round on May-day.
May—(noun) fifth month of the year ; bloom, prime.
4. *Poesy*—poetry.
Nature—natural objects ; flowers, breeze, and spring.
6. *When I was young ? Ah woful When*—mark the poet's deep regret, the sense of loss.
woful—bitter.
woe—affliction, bitter grief, distress.
7. *'twixt*—betwixt—between.
Now and Then—old age and youth.
8. *This breathing house not built by hands*—the human body which is not man-made, suggests divine origin.
9. *This body*—mark emphasis on these two words.
grievous—bringing serious trouble ; injurious, exciting grief, severe.
wrong—unjust treatment.
This body that does me grievous wrong—that causes severe grief ; gives injury. I receive unjust treatment from it.

10. *O'er*—over.

aery—*aerie*—*eyry*—(noun) nest of bird of prey ; eagle etc. ; human residence high on mountain ; brood of bird of prey.

cliffs—steep rocks.

aery cliffs—high and wild rocks.

glitter—shine with light, gleam, sparkle.

glittering sand—mark contrast with *aery cliffs*.

It refers to "this body that does me grievous wrong"

11. *then*—youth.

flash—burst suddenly into view ; reflect light.

lightly—gracefully, gently, elegantly.

12. *trim*—well-equipped, neat, well-arranged.

skiff—light rowing boat.

yore—old times, long ago.

14. *aid*—help.

15. *spite of wind or tide*—(spite—illwill, malice, annoyance).

tide—rise of sea due to attraction of moon and sun ; time, season.

spite of wind or tide—refers to circumstances. Mark emphasis on fearlessness.

16-17. *Nought cared this body for wind or weather. | When youth and I lived in't together*—These lines express the challenging nature of youth ; then I was afraid of nothing. Also note these words : *body youth, I*—How do you like the idea of *living* in the human body ?

19. *sheltering tree*—(shelter—thing serving as shield or barrier against attack, danger, heat or wind, place of safety)—friendship was then his protection like a tree. The plant-image is made even more attractive by such expressions : *Flowers are Lovely ; Love is flower-like*.

22. *Ere*—before.

23. *woful*—woeful—woe, grief, affliction, distress, full of grief and distress. (*woe*—*wae*—cry of grief).

Ere I was old—knowledge of old age.

Ah woful Ere—the word 'ere' is painful as it tells him of departed youth. Mark the difference between *now* and *then*.

27. *fond*—foolish, tender, over-affectionate.
conceit—vanity, fanciful notion.
I think it but a fond conceit—I think it as something unreal ; an illusion.
29. *vesper-bell*—(vesper—evening)—refers to passing away of youth.
toll'd—toll—cause bell to ring with slow uniform strokes.
30. *thou wert*—you were.
aye—ever, always, on all occasions.
masker—one who takes part in plays by covering face ; person in disguise.
bold—courageous, enterprising, immodest.
31. *To make believe*—to give unreal, false impression.
33. *silvery*—grey, white.
34. *drooping*—hanging down, weary, tired.
gait—manner of walking, bearing or carriage as one walks.
altered—changed.
35. *Spring-tide*—season of spring.
blossom—(verb) open into flower ; (noun) flower.
37. *Life is but thought*—describes life as an attitude of mind. He tries to overlook the physical change—old age. Only the form has changed : the size, gait and the colour of hair. Something else has remained unchanged. The personal pronoun "I" has remained the same. "I" is above time and change.
38. *Youth and I are house-mates still*—within the body grown old, "Youth and I" are still the same ; youth stands for Hope.
house-mate—house companion ; person living in the same house.
39. *Dew-drops are the gems of morning / But the tears of mournful eve !*—mark the kind of hope found in these lines, tears of night become the dew-drops of morning. Life is continuous movement from darkness to light ; it is a process from light to light. Thus, youth and old age become one continuous event of human life.

S. T. COLERIDGE

40. *mournful*—sad, sorrowful.
 eve—evening ; time just before evening.
41. *Where no hope is, life's a warning*—hope only saves.
 Without hope life is meaningless.
42. *grieve*—(verb) feel grief.



S.T. Coleridge

WATER BALLAD

'Come hither, gently rowing,
Come, bear me quickly o'er
This stream so brightly flowing
To yonder woodland shore.

But vain were my endeavour
To pay thee, courteous guide ;
Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side.

5

'Good boatman, prithee haste thee,
I seek my father-land.'

10

'Say, when I there have placed thee,
Dare I demand thy hand ?'

'A maiden's head can never
So hard a point decide ;

Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side.'

15

The happy bridal over

The wanderer ceased to roam,
For, seated by her lover,
The boat became her home.

20

And still they sang together

As steering o'er the tide :
'Row on through wind and weather
For ever by my side.'

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Water Ballad is perhaps the shortest love-poem which tells a tale. Like all love-stories, it tells us about two persons: a maiden who is anxious to go across the stream, and the boatman who takes her in his boat to the opposite shore. The stream, woodland shore, and the two persons in a boat make the whole story. The boatman is good and courteous; the maiden is anxious to go to her fatherland. It is needless to ask such questions as where the maiden has come from, and also who the boatman is. The poem simply aims at the present moment. The sentiment of love makes the whole appeal of the poem. The maiden is rowed over to the opposite shore, and the boatman, while serving her, succeeds in winning her heart. This is, of course, a popular way of writing a love-poem.

However in the third stanza when they are united, the boat and the water assume a very different meaning. The boat now becomes the maiden's home, and they together while steering over the waters keep on rowing through wind and weather. Seen in this light the boat becomes the symbol of human life, and the two of them stand for mankind. The running water of the stream symbolises the permanent flow of time. The poem may be read first as a love-story, and then as a parable of human life.

Ballad—The word has been derived from the late Latin and Italian *ballare*, meaning to dance. Hence, it was long assumed that the story so named (as a ballad) was bound up with dancing. Ballad now has different meanings in literary or musical usage. In literature, it is applied to short simple narratives told in a pleasant way. Popularly any short song that appeals to sentiments may be termed a *ballad*.

Water-Ballad—the ballad dealing with boat and boatman; a boat-song; a folk-tale told by fishermen.

- L. 1. *Come hither*—come here; *Hither and thither*—in various directions; here and there.
 2 *bear me*—take me; carry me.

4. *yonder*—that; situated over there; in the direction towards which one is looking; distant.

woodland—forest.

wood—forest.

Come hither gently rowing,

Come, bear me quickly o'er,

This stream so brightly flowing,

To yonder woodland shore.

Mark the words: *stream, gently rowing and yonder woodland shore*. The maiden is anxious to go across the stream. In the love-poem the stream appears as a hindrance; she needs the help of the boatman to be rowed over to the other shore.

5. *endeavour*—attempt.

vain—futile, useless.

9. *prithce*—I pray thee; I pray; please.

Also note the words; "*I seek my father-land.*" Is the "*yonder woodland shore,*" her father's land, and her native country? Who is the boatman? And what is meant by the stream? In poetry these images carry deeper meanings. The boatman is always *the guide*, and the stream is the short span of *one's own life*. This is how love becomes the means of revealing the truth in literature. Love poetry is one of the most effective sources of higher knowledge.

haste thee—be quick.

thee—you.

14. *so hard a point*—Something difficult to decide (mark her modesty).

17. *bridal*—wedding-feast, wedding, festivity.

18. *ceased*—stopped.

roam—wander about, ramble, walk or travel without purpose.

22. *tide*—the rising sea, stormy waters.

steering—guiding the boat in specified direction.

23. *wind and weather*—storm, and calm season.

weather—good weather.

P. B. Shelley

TIME

UNFATHOMABLE Sea ! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !

Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality, 5
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea ? 10

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was an extraordinary son of a rich landowner. At Eton (1804-10) and at University College, Oxford (1810-11), he was in constant rebellion against established authority with the result that he was sent down from Oxford in 1811. In 1818, he left England and spent the rest of his life in Italy. In 1822, his boat foundered and was run down in the Bay of Spezia. His body was washed ashore, and was burnt in the presence of his friend, the poet Byron. The ideas which he preached in his poems were capable of application to life; he applied them to his conduct. He preached the equality of man, and he proved that he was willing to practise it. He was generous and benevolent.

In this poem, Time is imagined as a deep sea of which it is almost impossible to have any knowledge. The sea of time is immeasurable. Its depths are full of human tears. It is

shoreless, and in its ebb and flow it overwhelms the limits of human life. It is cruel and treacherous. It destroys everything. Man is placed against its onward rush. What is meant by all this? What kind of Time is this? Is it the kind of time we are familiar with in our everyday life? Does it refer to our individual lives? Is it human history? Or is it the history of the whole creation? All these questions give only a partial view of the mystery. The time appears in all these forms, yet it is above and beyond them. The poet tries to show us the mystery of Time in its complexity.

- L. 1. *Unfathomable*—immeasurable.
 2. *woe*—grief, distress, misery, suffering.
 3. *brackish*—saltish, refers to the taste of sea-water.
 4 *Thou*—you.
Flood—sea.
shoreless—without any shores. Vast without limit.
 5. *Claspest*—clasps—to hold closely, encircle, embrace.
limits of mortality—human life.
 6. *yet howling on for more*—yet crying for more and more
 7. *Vomitest thy wrecks*—You throw away, what you have ruined and destroyed
Inhospitable—unkind, cruel.
shore—land situated along the sea.
 8. *Treacherous*—wicked, deceptive, not to be relied on.
calm—still, quiet, tranquil.
 9. *put forth*—proceed, take one's course.



John Keats

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

'Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms ? 5
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

'I see a Lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew ; 10
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.'

'I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
And her eyes were wild.

'I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan. 20

'I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

'She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna dew ;
 And sure in language strange she said,
 "I love thee true." 25

'She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore, 30
 And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
 With kisses four.

'And there she lulled me asleep,
 And there I dream'd—Ah ! woe betide !
 The latest dream I ever dream'd 35
 On the cold hillside.

'I saw pale kings, and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all,
 Who cried—"La belle dame sans merci
 Hath thee in thrall !" 40

'I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
 With horrid warning gaped wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hillside.

'And this is why I sojourn here 45
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

John Keats (1795-1821) lies buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome. On his grave, by his own desire is written the following inscription :

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

JOHN KEATS

Posterity has, however, agreed with him that it is so indeed but in the water of life. John Keats came of unpoetical parentage; his father was employed in livery stables in London. He was apprenticed to a surgeon in 1811, but the studies were distasteful to him. He gave up surgery for poetry. His first volume of poems was published in 1817. He developed consumption in 1820 and went to Italy in the hope of recovering health. But he died there in 1821.

This poem tells us a strange story about a man who has after having met a beautiful woman lost all charm in life. This is plain enough, and it happens in almost every love-poem. But this beautiful woman is cruel with a difference. She is cruel because she appears in his life only for a few moments, and then she is seen no more. Is she real? Or is she only a dream-woman? These are the questions which remain unanswered. But she has, nonetheless, worked her magic. She has made him a stranger even to himself. It will be interesting to compare the mood of the Knight before and after his meeting with the cruel woman.

You may well ask as to who is this cruel beautiful woman? There are more than one answer to this question. One view is that La Belle Dame is not a woman at all; she stands for love and death. The meeting between the Knight and the woman brings love and death to the unfortunate man. She stands for destruction; and the way to destruction passes through love. But it does not give us a satisfactory meaning of the poem. Another view is that La Belle Dame is both Spring and Autumn. In one way the two seasons are separate; yet taken together, they give us the two faces of the same reality. La Belle Dame, when she meets the Knight, is Spring. But when the Knight wakes up she has become Autumn. Still another view is that she is life, and the two stages shown in the poem are youth and old age. Life is always on the move. When one meets it in youth it is beautiful, but its beauty fades away fairly soon, and in old age one keeps on remembering its charm. That is how life becomes cruel as well as beautiful.

But all these readings tend to miss the point. The poem is in fact about the Knight and not about the cruel beautiful woman.

The answer to the question that opens the ballad gives the meaning of the poem :

*'Oh what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms
Alone and palely loitering ?'*

What is his illness ? He roams about by the lake where all is withered and bird song is over. Against this, he is "haggard and so woe begone" He is pale in his face which gives the impression that he is starved though the fields have yielded enough for all granaries. We may ask what is the reason of his starvation ? He has given up earthly food for the heavenly food which he can no longer obtain. See these lines :—

*' She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew ;'*

His dream on the cold hill's side had warned him of just such a fate :—

*"I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side."*

He has had no other vision except this warning that he has been fascinated by what he can never again taste. However still another question may be asked, what has he eaten and who had given him to eat so that he may become a stranger to himself ? The Knight-at-arms has eaten, under the instructions of the Belle Dame, who is a fairy's child, a heavenly food that has made him more than human. In this way, he has little use of human food again. He remains perfect stranger to himself for ever.

It will be interesting to note that stanzas 5-8 aim at lulling the Knight asleep after giving him the strange food, to dream of the truth and to waken up to find himself in a withered, everyday world, for ever cut off from it. The Knight has in fact come out of his dream-paradise to find himself in the solitary hell of common life.

La Belle Dame Sans Merci—the beautiful lady without mercy.

Belle Dame—beautiful lady/woman.

Sans—without.

Merci—mercy, compassion, pity, thanks

- L. 1. *ail thee*—ail you ; ail (verb)—trouble ; afflict.
knight-at-arms—military follower : one devoted to the service of a lady as attendant or champion in war or tournament ; person of noble birth.
2. *loiter*—linger on the way ; hang about : travel with frequent pauses ; pass time away in loitering.
3. *sedge*—kinds of grass-like plant growing by waterside.
4. *And no birds sing*—note the time of the year. Is it autumn ?
6. *haggard*—wild looking as a result of fatigue or worry.
woe begone—dismal-looking ; unhappy ; distressed ; surrounded by grief.
- 7-8. *The squirrel's granary is full/And the harvest is done*—harvest—season for reaping and gathering in of grain. Does it refer to approach of winter ?
- 9-12. *I see a lily on thy brow.....Fast withereth too*—suggest the knight's illness.
lily—flower.
10. *anguish*—severe bodily or mental pain. The flower-images are used to suggest the knight's illness ; his brow has turned all pale with fever, and the rosy complexion of his face has faded away.
- 13.. *meads*—meadows ; grasslands.
16. *her eyes were wild*—wild eyes—indicates distraction.
distract—divert ; draw away ; draw in different directions.
18. *fragrant*—sweet smelling.
21. *pacing steed*—slow moving war-horse.
25. *She found me roots of relish sweet*—she gave me roots of sweet flavour.
26. *manna*—substance supplied as food to Israelites (Bani Israel) ; spiritual nourishment ; heavenly food.
honey wild and manna dew—suggests religious meaning.

27. *language strange*—mark the word : strange. La belle Dame does not belong to this world. Therefore, her language is strange.
elf—supernatural being ; fairy.
29. *elfin*—fairy-like.
grot—cave.
30. *sigh'd full sore*—sighed bitterly.
And there she wept—Why did she weep ? What is your reaction ?
33. *lulled*—lull—soothe or send to sleep by sounds or caresses.
34. *woe-betide*—curse upon me !
betide—happen.
40. *thrall*—bondage, enslavement ; (verb) enslave.
41. *gloom*—evening twilight
42. *horrid*—terrible ; frightful.
gape—mouth wide open.
45. *sojourn*—stay.



I AM THE ONLY BEING

I am the only being whose doom
No tongue would ask, no eye would mourn ;
I never caused a thought of gloom,
A smile of joy, since I was born.

In secret pleasure, secret tears, 5
This changeful life has slipped away,
As friendless after eighteen years,
As lone as on my natal day.

There have been times I cannot hide,
There have been times when this was drear, 10
When my sad soul forgot its pride
And longed for one to love me here.

But those were in the early glow
Of feelings since subdued by care,
And they have died so long ago, 15
I hardly now believe they were.

First melted off the hope of youth,
Then fancy's rainbow fast withdrew ;
And then experience told me truth
I! mortal bosoms never grew. 20

'Twas grief enough to think mankind
All hollow, servile, insincere ;
But worse to trust to my own mind
And find the same corruption there.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Emily Brontë (1818-1848) received her education at home. As lonely young girl Emily had great fascination for wild countryside. She published her poems in 1846 which were unsurpassed in the 19th century for spiritual courage and intensity. Her famous novel *Wuthering Heights* came out in 1847. She died of bad health.

The kind of experience we have found in the last poem (*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*) becomes an experience of loneliness in this short piece by Emily Brontë. On the face of it, the poem offers a very personal experience. But the fact that we can share it raises the appeal of the poem. We can almost own it.

Emily Brontë is mainly known for her novel: *Wuthering Heights*. But lately her poetry has become an object of interest. She has written deeply felt poems, and in spite of the grief which is found in them, she succeeds in overcoming it. It is precisely this quality which makes her poems interesting as well as distressing. It is important to note the last stanza. She does not think that others are wholly responsible for the pain in human life; she is honest enough to say that the same corruption is found even in her own mind. Man has, in his ignorance, placed barrier between one another, and has caused unhappiness in human life. Emily Brontë seems to be of the view that loneliness disappears when one learns to be affectionate and sincere to others.

L. 1. *being*—(noun) person.

doom—fate, destiny (usually evil).

3. *gloom*—darkness, melancholy sadness.

5. *secret*—personal, private.

6. *slipped away*—passed unnoticed.

8. *lone*—solitary, companionless.

natal—of, from one's birth.

10. *drear*—dismal, gloomy, dull.

12. *longed for*—wished for; yearned for, wished vehemently for a thing.

EMILY BRONTE

13. *glow*—brightness, warmth.
14. *subdued*—conquered, overcome, tamed, disciplined.
care—anxiety, pain.
19. *experience*—actual observation of facts, or events ;
knowledge resulting from this ; state of mind, emotions.
(verb)—meet with, feel, undergo, find.
truth—refers to happiness, love and affection.
22. *hollow*—empty.
servile—mean-spirited, slavish, cringing. *Cringe*—bow
very low, behave in a man manner.
23. *worse*—see : bad. (bad/worse/worst).
24. *corruption*—moral deterioration.



LINES

Far away is the land of rest,
Thousand miles are stretched between,
Many a mountain's stormy crest,
Many a desert void of green.

Wasted, worn is the traveller ; 5
Dark his heart and dim his eye ;
Without hope or comforter,
Faltering, faint, and ready to die.

Often he looks to the ruthless sky,
Often he looks o'er his dreary road, 10
Often he wishes down to lie
And render up life's tiresome load.

But yet faint not, mournful man ;
Leagues on leagues are left behind
Since your sunless course began ; 15
Then go on to toil resigned.

If you still despair control,
Hush its whispers in your breast,
You shall reach the final goal,
You shall win the land of rest. 20

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Loneliness always looks for peace. In fact loneliness appears when one is deprived of peace. In the last poem (*I Am The Only Being*) this sad state of mind is the result of the indifference of mankind, though Emily Bronte does not forgive herself for her shortcomings. Still, loneliness is a painful state of mind. In poetry it is really difficult to accept it as such. It must aim at something higher, something which gives peace !

Yet, peace is always far away, and it is not very easy to have it. In this poem Emily Bronte describes such a journey for peace. The land of rest lies beyond everything, and the traveller gets nothing except cruelty, pain and despair on the way to it. It appears that to have peace is almost impossible.

Emily Bronte is aware of it. She knows that despair haunts the traveller. But her faith in the land of rest is almost unshaken. She thinks that loss or hope is the only obstruction in the way towards the land of rest. Therefore, despair must be controlled if one has to come out of loneliness and have peace.

- L. 1. *land of rest*—peace
 2. *stretched*—placed in tight-drawn or outspread state.
Thousand miles are stretched between—thousand miles lie between
 3. *crest*—top of mountain.
 4. *void*—empty, vacant.
void of green—without any green spots.
 5. *wasted*—extremely tired, in bad condition.
worn—exhausted, tired.
 8. *faltering*—waving ; stumbling, staggering ; going unsteadily.
 9. *ruthless*—cruel, without pity.
 10. *dreary*—dismal, gloomy, dull.
 12. *render up*—give up, give in return, give back.
life's tiresome load—tiresome—fatiguing, tedious, tending to tire, annoying.

EMILY BRONTE

13. *But yet faint not*—do not lose heart.
mournful—sad, dejected, sorrowful.
15. *sunless course*—journey without hope, in darkness.
16. *resigned*—reconciled ; *resign*—accept the inevitable without complaint.
18. *hush*—(verb) silence.
19. *final*—at the end ; coming last, ultimate.
goal—point marking end of race, object of effort or ambition, destination.



RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

Awake ! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight :
And Lo ! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon 5
Turns Ashes, or it prospers ; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

There was a Door to which I found no Key ;
There was a Veil past which I could not see : 10
Some little Talk awhile of Me and Thee
There seem'd—and then no more of Thee and Me.

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line, 15
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose !
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close !
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows ! 20

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Edward FitzGerald (1809-1883) was born at Bradfield and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was an
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intimate friend of Tennyson and Carlyle. In 1859, he translated the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. This English rendering of Khayyam was highly praised by Rossetti and Swinburne. His other works were largely translations from Greek.

Omar Khayyam (Umar b. Ibrahim) was born at Naishapur in Khorassan (Iran) in the later half of the eleventh century and died within the first quarter of the twelfth century. He was a poet and a mathematician. His *Algebra* is a book of the first rank and one which shows a much more advanced state of this branch of knowledge than what we see among the Greeks. He was also a reputed astronomer of his day. He was unrivalled in this science during his lifetime. One of his pupils Khwaja Nizami of Samarkand relates the following interesting story about him. He writes :—

“I often used to hold conversation with my Teacher, Omar Khayyam, in a garden; and one day he said to me, ‘My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it.’ I wondered at the words he spoke, but I knew that his were no idle words. Years after when I happened to go back to Naishapur I went to his final resting place. O! it was just outside a garden and trees laden with fruit stretched their branches over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so that the stone was hidden under them.”

Like the great Muslim thinkers of those days, Omar Khayyam was interested in poetry only incidentally. Nevertheless, his poetry possesses a depth which is the outcome of extraordinary thinking. He expresses his life-long experience about the world and things in simple, straightforward and beautiful verses. In spite of his casual interest in poetry, he is regarded as one of the great poets of Muslim civilisation.

Edward FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyam* is at once truly Persian and truly English. It is not a translation but a recreation of Persian spirit in English poetry. The *Rubaiyat* was published in 1859. Before attempting Omar Khayyam, FitzGerald had already tried his hand at translating a number of Persian poems. It is however held that the

Rubaiyat give a mixed feeling about life and its worldly environment. Man is introduced to a world which he fails to understand. Thus, we find a heaviness about everything; death and destiny stand out as the only clue to the mystery of human life. It is generally felt that FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyam* gives nothing but the popular advice, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." This view of *Omar Khayyam* is incorrect and misleading.

However, when we approach the *Rubaiyat* after our reading of Emily Bronte's poems (Nos. 10 & 11 of our Selection) we come across an experience which is guided by questions. And perhaps for the first time we find the world, as we know it, to be changing into something mysterious yet disturbing. The world becomes mysterious and disturbing only when we ask such questions as why and where from, and get no satisfactory answer to them. The *Rubaiyat* mainly aim at asking these questions.

It will be interesting to note that FitzGerald's language is based on Persian words and phrases. In order to have some idea of it, we may compare the following and draw our conclusion :

اسرار ازل را نه تو دانی و نه من
این حرف معمم نه تو دانی و نه من
هست از پس پرده گفتگویی من و تو
چون پرده برفتد نه تو مانی و نه من

(Omar Khayyam)

*There was a Door to which I found no key ;
There was a Veil past which I could not see :
Some little Talk awhile of Me and Thee
There seemed—and then no more of Thee and Me."*

(Edward FitzGerald)

FitzGerald's genius gave Omar Khayyam a place for ever among the great English poets.

Rubaiyat—plural of rubai. Arabic, quatrain. Popularized in English through Edward FitzGerald's translations (1859/1868) of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. (He died in 1123).

- L. 1. *Awake*—mark its significance.
Bowl—basin, drinking vessel.
2. *flung*—threw, hurled.
3. *Lo*—look, see, behold.
Hunter of the East—the sun.
4. *Turret*—small tower connected with main building; tower.
Noose—loop with running knot, tightening as string is pulled.
Noose of Light—the sun-rays.
5. *Worldly Hope*—hope for worldly gains.
6. *Turns Ashes*—fails, proves futile, of no use at all.
prosper—succeed.
anon—soon, presently.
- 7-8. *Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face/Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone*—refers to short life of snow in desert sun.
10. *Veil*—piece of transparent material attached to woman's head-dress.
past which—beyond which, across which.
awhile—for a short time.
13. *The Moving Finger*—fate, destiny.
writ—written.
Moves on—refers to unending appearance of forms.
Piety—quality of being pious, pious living.
Wit—wisdom, intelligence, understanding.
15. *Lure*—entice, recall.
it—fate, destiny—refers to the Moving Finger.
cancel—cross out, annul, abolish, obliterate, make void.
16. *Tears*—suffering, grief, sorrow, repentance.
wash out—wipe out.
17. *Ah*—expression of sorrow, regret, surprise.
vanish—disappear.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

18. *sweet-scented*—pleasant, happy.
should close—should come to an end.
Youth's manuscript—manuscript: book, document written by hand ; the days of joy and pleasure.
19. *Nightingale*—suggests the spirit of joy and youth.
20. *Ah, whence and whither flown again, who knows*—mark the mood of the line and underlying questions.
whence—from where, from what place or source.
whither—to what place or point.



ONE WAY OF LOVE

I

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside ? Alas !
Let them lie. Suppose they die ?
The chance was they might take her eye.

5

II

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute !
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear music ? So !
Break the string : fold music's wing ;
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing !

10

III

My whole life long I learned to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion—heaven or hell ?
She will not give me heaven ? 'Tis well !
Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they !

15

— — — —

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Robert Browning (1812—1889) was born of parents who were not rich but were well off enough to enable the son, whose genius they recognized, to dedicate himself to literature. He was married to the poet Elizabeth Barrett in 1846. He and his wife lived in Italy since their marriage till her death in

ROBERT BROWNING

1861. Browning returned to London in 1861 and lived there until his death in 1889.

For Browning life is an adventure. But the best adventure is always that which seeks love for its own sake. Love has been one of the most important themes of poetry, and the poets have treated it in various ways. However, in this poem, Browning has looked at love in a way which is different as well as pleasing. Love is an expression of the human soul, and as such it can be employed as guiding principle for the conduct of human life.

The last poem (*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*) has raised a few questions about human life and its changing environment. Loneliness has been the theme of Emily Brontë's poems; though she has added confidence to an otherwise distressing human story. In this poem once again, we find an underlying state of loneliness, but Browning's reaction to it is widely different from either FitzGerald (*Omar Khayyam*) or Emily Brontë. Love is the outcome of joy, and as such it needs neither reward nor appreciation. Still, while reading the poem we may ask: What is love? And also what is Browning's attitude towards it? An answer to these questions would make the reading of the poem more interesting.

L. 1. *bound*—bind (present tense): tie, fasten; tied, fastened; held together.

sheaves—(pl.) sheaf; bundle of things laid lengthwise together; armful of Corn-stalks tied after reaping.

2. *strip* (verb)—lay bare; pull or tear.

3. *strew*—scatter (sand, flower, small objects) over a surface; cover with small objects scattered.

Pauline— a character of love-poetry.

Pauline—represents Browning's victory over the forces of doubt and his winning of faith, hope and love; she is symbolic of his struggle against religious scepticism.

4-5. *She will not turn aside? Alas! The chance was they might take her eye*—mark the underlying hope and fear.

7. *strove*—strive: (present tense) struggle, try hard, endeavour, make efforts: struggled, tried hard.

8. *stubborn*—unyielding, inflexible.
lute—guitar-like instrument used in 14th-17th centuries.
 (Arabic : al'ud).
9. *venture*—undertaking a risk ; (verb) dare ; not to be afraid ; make bold.
12. *bade*—bid : command ; ask ; asked, commanded ; desired.
16. *she may not give me heaven*—I may not succeed in love.
18. *Those who win heaven, blest are they*—Those who succeed in love are fortunate.
blest—blessed : consecrated, revered, fortunate.



Alfred Tennyson

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, Break, Break,

On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy, 5
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on 10
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand.
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
Will never come back to me.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Alfred Tennyson (1809—1892) was one of the family of twelve, the children of a clergyman in Lincolnshire. The place where he was brought up was a very retired one, and here from childhood Tennyson stored his mind with those impressions of nature to which he was ever deeply sensitive. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He published

his poems in 1842, which firmly established him as the leading poet of the day. He was created, poet laureate in 1850. He visited Scandinavia in 1883, and died at Alworth in 1892

It is an easier poem with a note of gentle sadness. The sea, its waves, rocks, the ships and the fisherman's boy on *his boat* or at play with his sister, are the images which construct a background which is perhaps more enduring and permanent than the life of an individual. The poet constructs this background with the changing conditions of human life. Line 4 in stanza 1 (*the thoughts that arise in me*) suggests lines 3-4 in stanza 3 and also lines 3-4 in stanza 4. Things remain the same—, and the world continues to be busy and beautiful, but the happy moments of one's life never stay. It is the nature of human life that man grows old, and his memories become a part of the vanished past. Thus, between past and the present man suffers, and sadness accompanies him to an unwelcome future. This view of the poem may seem too depressing, yet the poem can be read as a lyric which describes natural objects with child-like simplicity. Lyric is a poem expressing the writer's own sentiments.

It is also a poem on personal grief. But the grief is set against things, which are permanent. The flow of life continues and the personal grief may find some consolation in it. The appeal of the poem, besides its lyrical quality, lies in its strong sense of contrast between personal and general aspect of life.

Break, break, break—addressed to the sea in line 2;
break: make a way, come, produce with effort,
suddenness, violence, emerge.

L. 2. *utter*—express.

The thoughts that arise in me—the thoughts which come to my mind.

5-6. *O well for the fisherman's boy / That he shouts with his sister at play*—mark his joy.

9. *stately*—dignified, imposing, grand.

10. *haven*—harbour, port, refuge.

11. *But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand*—mark his sadness; memory of past friendships.

ALFRED TENNYSON

12. *voice that is still*—voice no longer heard ; remembers dead friend.

14. *thy*—your.

crag—steep rock.

Sea—It sometimes stands for eternal life in poetry. "The imaginative grasp is sure that it may show itself to the reader as unstudied without for a moment relaxing its hold on the complex stuff which it carries." Try to find out the underlying meaning of the image of sea and land. Land : it sometimes represents human life in poetry.

15. *grace*—charm, attraction.

tender—soft, not tough or hard ; loving, affectionate, fond.

day that is dead—refers to un-returning past.

16 *dead...come back*—mark the sense of the past, and the poet's desire to have it back. There is lyrical simplicity and thoughtful meditation in the poem. Note the poet's "imaginative grasp of different materials" and their treatment in simple and lovely poem.



W. B. Yeats

HE WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

HAD I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet :
But I, being poor, have only my dreams ;
I have spread my dreams under your feet ;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

W. B. Yeats (1865—1939) the poet and dramatist, was born near Dublin, but he was brought up in London. His father was a painter. In 1896, he returned to Ireland and was a member of the Irish Senate during 1922—28. He was awarded The Nobel Prize for Literature in 1923. He published his last poems in 1939. He died in France.

Yeats was never once in doubt that the reality of the spirit is more enduring than that of forms and of events. For him, true poetry is written on the Hill of Transfiguration and there is revelation in it, and the mingling of heaven and earth. He always looked for the underlying structure of the mind.

In this poem we meet a different world. As a love-poem, it has the quality of the dream and longing about it. Its mood is of intense and single-minded passion. We may, however, note that Yeats had firm faith in literary nationalism, and as such his poetry tended to idealize his own country, Ireland. Thus while reading the lines 5, 7 and 8 we may feel that the second person pronoun 'you' (in line 8) in fact stands for his country and nationalism. In poetry we frequently find

such devices being used. The poet wishes to offer heavenly garments of colour and light to her, but being poor, he can only offer dreams. These dreams give her a reality. The last three lines show his love for her.

It is said about Yeats that his outlook and philosophy (and his philosophy of history) are always present in his verse even when they do not dominate it. He changes history into poetry. It will be interesting to read the poem as the poet's expression of love for his country.

- L. 1. *embroidered*—patterns made with needle-work.
heaven's embroidered cloths—shows superior dignity ;
 mark cloths of light and colour.
2. *Enwrought*—accomplished, brought about, produced, made.
golden—refers to light of the sun.
silver—refers to moonlight.
3. *The blue*—colour of sky.
dim and the dark—half light (evening as well as early morning).
4. *night*—refers to different shades of light.
7. *dreams*—hopes and aspirations.
8. *tread*—set down one's foot, walk.



James Stephens

THE SNARE

I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare;
Now I hear the cry again,
But I cannot tell from where,

But I cannot tell from where
He is calling out for aid;
Crying on the frightened air,
Making everything afraid.

5

Making everything afraid,
Wrinkling up his little face,
As he cries again for aid;
And I cannot find the place!

10

And I cannot find the place
Where his paw is in the snare:
Little one! oh, little one!
I am searching everywhere!

15

NOTES AND COMMENTS

James Stephens (1882-1950) an Irish poet and story-teller, was born in Dublin. He was a clerk when his first book, published in 1912, established his fame. He is best known for short stories and lyric poems. He was actively connected with The Irish Nationalist Movement. Later on he went to London. After having discovered himself as a broadcaster of genius, he was frequently on the air from 1939, until his death in London on December, 26, 1950.

The poet describes a sudden cry of pain— it is a rabbit caught in a trap. He tries to find him, but cannot find the place. The painful cry haunts him, yet he fails to discover the unfortunate thing. The cry, though faint in the beginning, overpowers everything, and even the air itself seems to be full of fright and pain. Mark the gradual intensity of pain, and note the action of the poet. The incident arouses a nameless sympathy for the poor and for those who are weak and unhappy.

With this poem we enter the outside world which lies on the borders of childhood. The rabbit, and the trap appear as an unfamiliar thing and we may ask as to why there are traps for such loving creatures as the rabbits. The world is so charming; and childhood is so sweet. Then why is the pain—undeserved pain—there? This is always what happens when we make our first contact with life. This is unreasonable. Why should the weak suffer at all? Is this the real state of mankind to suffer? These questions accompany us on our journey through life. The wise men have attempted to give answers to these questions. However it is always the duty of every human being to find out a correct answer to the question of suffering.

- L. 2. *Snare*—a trap for catching small animals and birds.
7. *Crying on the frightened air...*—It is as though the fear of the rabbit is conveyed to the air and everything around.
Crying on—Is it continuation of pain?
frightened air—air full of fright; even the air is frightened. Mark the intensity of pain.
10. *Wrinkling*→twisting.
13. *And I cannot find the place*—the cry has become continuous and mysterious. Mark the sympathetic note.
16. *I am searching everywhere*—the cry of pain continues and the search for aid also continues. Pain and desperate wish for help appear as principles of human compassion.



Emily Dickinson

I LIKE TO SEE IT LAP THE MILES

I like to see it lap the miles
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks ;
And then, prodigious, step
Around a pile of mountains, 5
And supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads :
An then a quarry pare
To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while 10
In horrid, hooting stanza :
Then chase itself down hill
And neigh like Boanerges :
Then, punctual as a star
Stop—docile and omnipotent— 15
At its own stable door.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) during her lifetime allowed only three or four of her poems to be published. In 1892, a small collection of her poems was published which had a success almost unparalleled in American literature. But it was not until 1924 that her complete poems and her letters were published making her work generally accessible. Her poetry has been described as suggestive of William Blake in

its "flashes of wholly original and profound insight into nature and life." She died at Amherst on May 16, 1886.

In this poem the train is compared to an animal. It laps the miles, licks up the valleys, feeds itself at the tanks, raises its eyebrows, peers in shanties and neighs like a war-horse. Note how the run-on lines at the end of stanzas give an impression of uninterrupted movement to the verse. The poem is interesting as it changes metal-work and steam of which the train is made into something which is living like us. The train loses its weight and ugliness, and becomes light and lovable like the train seen in a dream. Note also the sense of joy felt by the poet on seeing the train running across the countryside.

- L. 3. *tanks*—water tanks.
 4. *prodigious*—huge, enormous, wonderful.
 6. *supercilious*—(lit: with raised eyebrows); haughty, arrogant.
peer—peep out, look closely.
 7. *shanties*—small, poorly made huts, mean dwellings.
 8. *quarry*—a place where stone or slate is got out of the ground.
pare—cut away.
 13. *Boanerges*—name given by Christ to the disciples: James and John; it means Sons of Thunder; the name of a famous race-horse.
 15. *docile*—submissive, teachable, easily managed.
omnipotent—of infinite power, all-powerful.
The Omnipotent—God.
 16. *stable door*—the railway station.



EXERCISES-FOR COMPOSITION AND DISCUSSION

1. You have read two poems by William Blake. Which of them do you like the most, and why?
2. Write a short essay on *The Little Girl Found* and discuss it as a fairy-tale.
3. Write a note on the poems you have read in your childhood.
4. Write a note on the Little Girl in Wordsworth's poem: *We are Seven*.
5. Read the poem: *The Two April Mornings*, and point out what has made Matthew so sad?
6. Is *To the Cuckoo* a poem about childhood? If so, which appeals to you the most—the Cuckoo or the childhood?
7. Do you find any difference between William Blake and William Wordsworth as poets? Give your own view about them after reading their poems included in our Selection
8. Give the central idea of the poem: *Youth and Age*.
9. Give your own view of Coleridge's ideas about old age.
10. "Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
when we are old."

Write an essay on the thoughts contained in these lines.

11. Write a brief note on *Water Ballad* considering it as a nursery poem.
12. Is it correct to describe Time as "the unfathomable sea"? What is your view? Give reasons.
13. Who is the "Cruel beautiful woman" in Keats' poem *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*? Has she wronged the Knight in any way?
14. Write a brief note on *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* as a love-poem?

EXERCISES

15. Compare and contrast Emily Bronte's poems with *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*.
16. 'Twas grief enough to think mankind
 All hollow, servile, insincere ;
 But worse to trust to my own mind
 And find the same corruption there.

Write a short essay on the thoughts contained in these lines.
17. Write an essay on the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*.
18. Do you think that the *Rubaiyat* have something interesting to tell to us ? If so, what is that ?
19. Write a note on the poem *One Way of Love*.
20. Read the poem *Break, Break, Break* and discuss it as a lyric.
21. "A good poem always moves us." Is it true ? Give your impressions of a good poem.
22. Write a note on W. B. Yeats' poem : *He Wishes For the Cloths of Heaven*. Do you find it interesting ?
23. Is it correct to say that the poem *The Snare* is a sad and pathetic poem ? What is your opinion ?
24. What would you do if you found a rabbit caught in a trap ? And if instead of the rabbit, you discovered a man placed in such a condition, how would you react ?
Write short notes on what has been asked in these questions.
25. Write a short note of appreciation on the poem included in your text by Emily Dickinson.
26. In the poem by Emily Dickinson the train is compared to an animal. Is it true ? Give your view in the form of a short essay.



II

THE DEAR DEPARTED

by

STANLEY HOUGHTON

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Slater

sisters

Mrs. Jordan

Henry Slater

their husbands

Ben Jordan

Victoria Slater

a girl of ten

Abel Merryweather

Father

قوی سرزمین

پاک سرزمین
تو نشان عزم عالی

کشور حسین شاد باد
ارض پاکستان

مکہ شاد باد

پاک سرزمین کا نظام
قوم ملک سلطنت

قوت اخوت عوام
پاکستان تائید باد

شاد باد منزل مراد

پرچم ستارہ و ہلال
ترجمان ماضی شان حال

رہبر ترقی و کمال
جان استقبال

سایہ خدائے ذوالجلال

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Date of Publishing	Edition	Impression	Number of copies	Price
July 2000	1st	27th	1,10,000	12.85